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TRAILS
IN
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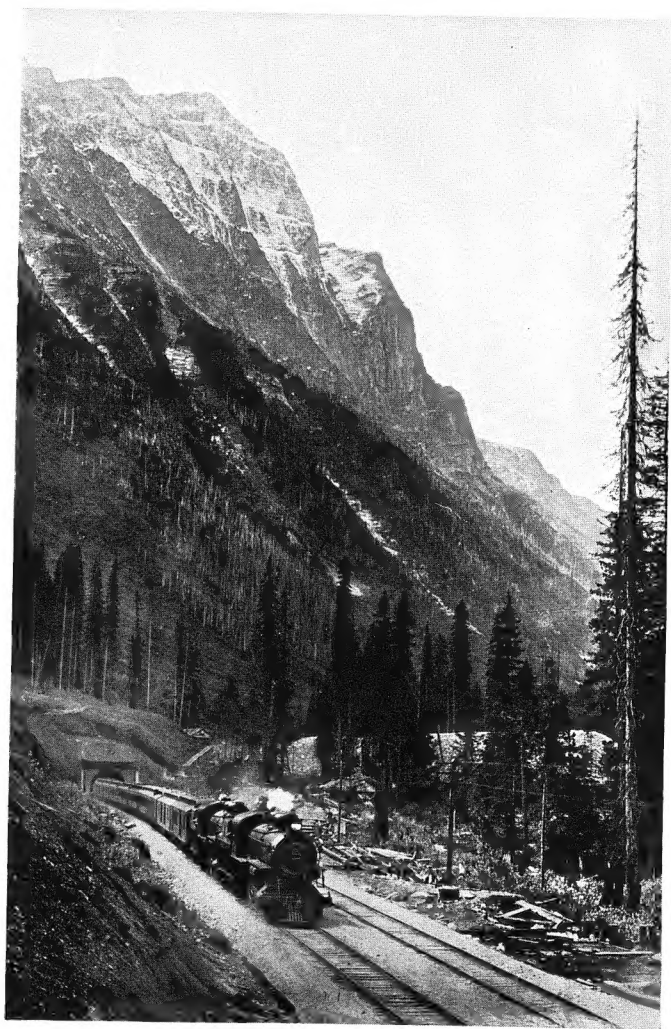
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TEACHERS'
TRAILS IN
CANADA

OVERSEAS
EDUCATION
LEAGUE



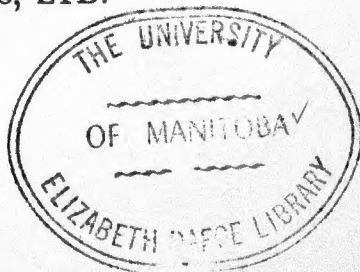
Our Special Train in the Rockies.

TEACHERS' TRAILS IN CANADA

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW
OF THE CANADIAN TOUR
OF THE BRITISH EDUCATIONISTS' PARTY: JULY-
SEPTEMBER 1925



1925
LONDON AND TORONTO
J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.



It is among the aims of the Overseas Education League to foster the spirit of kinship and hospitality between the British peoples. Through the reciprocal visits of teachers in 1925, that spirit embraced Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Great Britain in an intimate fellowship.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

Buckingham Palace.

The King much appreciates the message conveyed by you from the group of teachers on the eve of their departure under the auspices of the Overseas Education League to Canada.

His Majesty congratulates the League upon the happy conception of an undertaking which will give the party opportunities of studying the educational system of Canada and of gaining an insight into her history, development, and general resources.

The King feels sure that the results of this experience will be fraught with good and far-reaching effects on the teachers themselves and those who in future will come under their influence and instruction, and upon the relations of the Motherland and the great Dominion.

From his recollection of Canada and her warm-hearted people his Majesty can assure the teachers of the very hearty welcome which they will receive, and wishes them God-speed and an enjoyable stay in that vast and beautiful country.

(Signed) STAMFORDHAM.

FOREWORD

IN January 1925 the Archbishop of Rupertsland, as President of the Overseas Education League, sent, through the Duchess of Atholl, Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Education, an invitation for a party of educationists and secondary school teachers of this country to visit Canada during August and September. In the result, sixty-two teachers and other persons interested in Education took part in the tour which is described in the following pages. I have read this account with great interest and pleasure, and I hope that it will enjoy a wide circulation and will encourage many others to participate in similar tours in future.

I wish, as President of the Board of Education, to express to the Overseas Education League, and all other persons and bodies who were concerned with the arrangements for the tour, the cordial thanks of the teachers of this country for their kindness, forethought and hospitality, which made the tour so pleasant and so profitable.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Wallace Perry". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned centrally below the main text of the foreword.

25th November 1925

*Message from Major F. J. Ney, read by Mrs Ney
on board the Canadian Pacific Liner Empress
of Scotland at Southampton, July 24th, in
connection with the party's departure for Canada*

My duty to-night is a very simple one in that I am here merely to bring a brief message from my husband, who is at present recovering from a serious operation—rendered necessary by overwork and the War. It is one of the greatest disappointments of his life that he cannot be here with you himself to-night and throughout your visit to Canada—a visit which is the outcome of several years' work and a long cherished dream. More than all, perhaps his chief disappointment is that he will miss the fellowship with you—with all that it means—as you leave the home shores and set out on what will be to you a discovery of Canada.

And now I will give you his message.

“Since 1910, parties of Overseas Teachers have come to these British Islands with all the expectation of adventurers. On those many occasions I have been specially anxious to prepare the Overseas Teachers for the change of conditions, for the contrast of ideas and for the necessary adjustment of points of view which travel anywhere and everywhere involves.

“Such preparation of the mind and of the heart

is a double obligation upon the British traveller as he passes from one British nation to another. It is of the first importance to the cause of fellowship among the British peoples that we should realise our Empire as a world of homelands, each claiming our allegiance and our understanding, with, of course, the land of our birth a first among equals. The prime purpose of the Overseas Education League is to foster such mutual understanding through the influence of the teachers in their daily work in the schools. In carrying out that purpose by means of interchange of teachers and by organised travel for teachers and students, a distinction must be drawn at once between seeing sights and sight-seeing—or if it may be better said, between ‘seeing sights’ and ‘seeing visions.’ Canada and her people will do their best to show you her visions, her hopes for the future which are so deeply blended with thankfulness for the past. That past is rooted in all that makes the history of these British Islands, but her future must be her own, carrying on as a Trustee all that she has drawn from her past. Generations of Canadian-born children will bring their visions more and more to reality as the years succeed, towards the shaping of a nation and a people inspired with a national ideal and purpose. This first organised visit of British educationalists to Canada will make a considerable contribution to Canada’s task. It will achieve the purpose of its organiser, if you will discover for yourselves and afterwards interpret to the children in your schools the hope and the vision which is Canada.

“You are pioneers and adventurers in what I

hope will develop into an educational movement of great promise and importance. Much depends on the success of your visit, and that success in turn very largely depends upon the individual member of the party. You go forth not only to discover Canada but to do much to discover the Old Land to Canada. This dual rôle carries with it great responsibilities, for it is of equal importance that you leave behind among your hosts the best of impressions of yourselves and England and that you yourselves return home inspired with a new vision of Canada and her people.'

I can only add to this my very best wishes for your trip. Our friends the C.P.R. will see that everything is done to make you comfortable and happy during the voyage and throughout the tour—and the programme I am confident you will enjoy immensely.

INTRODUCTION

BY DR E. H. STEVENS

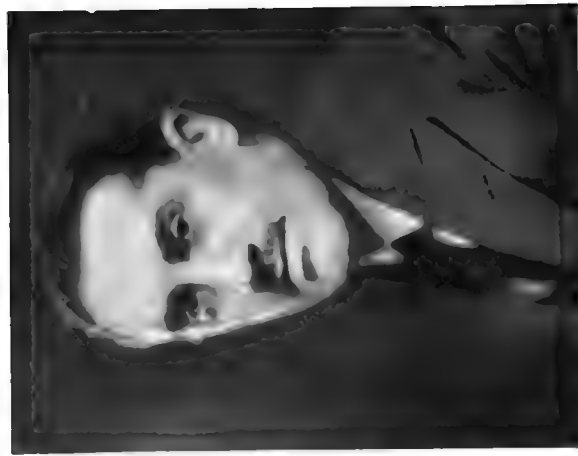
“WHAT do they know of England who only England know?” The question, as the grammarians would say, is not asked for information, and I need not attempt to answer it. But it suggests the main purpose, and, one may hope, the main result of what was to us the wonderful journey that is recorded in the following pages. Put in another way, that journey was not so much one of discovery as of delighted realisation and fruitful conviction. As teachers we should indeed have been unworthy of our high calling if we had not known the main features of the size, the scenery, the resources, the achievements and the spirit of Canada. But it is one thing to know of these matters, and quite another to see them “in the round,” to feel their form and pressure, and to realise what they mean for Britain and the world. It is fatally easy for us to be so absorbed in the anxieties of our own work, and in the pressing problems of our own land, as to forget the wider issues of our citizenship, and the obligations of our special influence. Without at all belittling what we owe to other qualities and other forms of culture than our own, we may still believe that

British ideals of justice and liberty, of co-operation and public spirit, of friendly rivalry with generous toleration, are not only our own life-blood, but are to serve for the healing of the nations and the ordered progress of mankind. "Though our conditions are American, our traditions are British," said a leading Canadian business man to some of us in Montreal. It has greatly widened our vision, and confirmed our belief in those traditions, to see them in action under the new conditions of the New World.

We have realised that Canada is no longer a colony—and will not be thought of as such—but a great and growing nation, which has already done wonders in developing its vast territory, and which with splendid foresight is equipping itself for a still more wonderful future. On the material side, what nation of eight millions produces such crops, has built such cities, developed such a network of railways, and provided such schools and universities? If we turn to the imponderables, what other community than Ontario—soon, we may hope, to be followed by its fellow-provinces—has had the wisdom and the courage to raise the age of compulsory school attendance to sixteen, and to develop the varied curricula that will best suit the varying needs of the thousands of boys and girls thus retained to complete their training for citizenship and for life? How it should encourage Canada's zeal for education and research to remember that it was in Canadian laboratories that the Marquis wheat was bred, that Insulin was discovered, and that the epoch-making theories of



Dr. E. H. Stevens, Leader of the Pilgrimage.



Major F. J. Ney, Hon. Organiser of the O.E.L.

radio-activity and atomic structure opened such undreamed-of fields of thought and investigation!

The fact that so much of the latter brilliant work was done at Toronto by the New Zealander Rutherford, since called to Clerk-Maxwell's Chair at Cambridge, and adorning it by continued researches that are the admiration of the world, is a vivid illustration *in petto* of the truth that "we are all members one of another." To none can this truth be more familiar than to teachers, who in the microcosm of school have learned the value of team-work and the team spirit. The wider recognition of the same truth in the social, political and economic spheres is surely the most urgent need of our time. No doubt it must reach its full effect by gradual stages, of which Canada has many striking examples to offer to the observer.

Socially there is a refreshing absence of class and caste distinctions. No one is looked down on, or debarred from intercourse, because he is, or has been, in a humble walk of life. Manual labourers rise to be Cabinet Ministers, and Cabinet Ministers are familiarly known—and not seldom addressed—by their Christian names. I met an ex-major of the Royal Artillery who had been farm labourer, camp cook and lumberman before rising to be a Forest Ranger.

In the political sphere, the British genius for moderation and fair play has won some of its proudest triumphs in Canada. Lord Durham's famous Report, and the resultant settlement of 1840, alike in their effects in Canada, and in their example in South Africa, are landmarks in our

Imperial history, and amongst the most characteristic achievements of our race. The nine provinces have now drawn together into the unity of the Dominion, and the Dominion itself is a loyal member of the household of the Empire, in which it has a most vital rôle to play. Canada may well be called the keystone of the Imperial arch, stretching from the Atlantic, the ocean of yesterday, to the Pacific, the ocean of to-morrow, "relaying" as it were British influence from East to West, and at the same time living in closest relations with the other great English-speaking nation, from which she is separated only by that unique boundary—the longest unfortified boundary line in the world.

Economically, as well as politically, Canada's part in the Empire is of immense importance. She has vast resources yet to be developed, and if British men, and British enterprise and capital take their proper share of the labour, the risks and the gains of this development, it will go far to redress that balance of the Old World which has been so violently, and for us so injuriously upset. "Men and money" is the cry all over Canada. Teachers are not capitalists, and probably have little influence with those who are. But we have influence with the youth of our nation, and the question of emigration engages and deserves our close study. Here it must suffice to say that if there are some not unreasonable grounds for hesitation about emigration on the part of our boys and their parents, and if in her own interests as well as ours, Canada might well take

some further practical steps to lessen that hesitation, yet there need be no hesitation at all in proclaiming that for those who are ready to work hard, to take any job that offers, and to adapt themselves to unfamiliar surroundings, there are endless chances to make good in Canada, with a life of open-air freedom and personal independence that is rarely possible at home.

Such are some of the themes that occupied our minds during our journey and since our return. The journey itself was long, for Canada is vast, and lies far away across "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea." Had Matthew Arnold been of our party, he could not have written "estranging," for above all our other impressions stands the warmth and sincerity of the welcome given us, a welcome as of old friends and brothers, separated by distance but united by mutual affection and common loyalties. The journey then, though strenuous, was never monotonous or tiring, and will remain for us all a memory of joyful days and happy inspiration. We hope that this "plain tale" of our experiences may encourage many of our colleagues to follow our trails, and may prove to our kind friends in Canada that their enterprise in organising this tour has borne the fruits they would most desire—a deeper understanding of the great Dominion, and a warm affection for its generous and hospitable people.



All Aboard—Men, Women, and a Buoy !—at Southampton.

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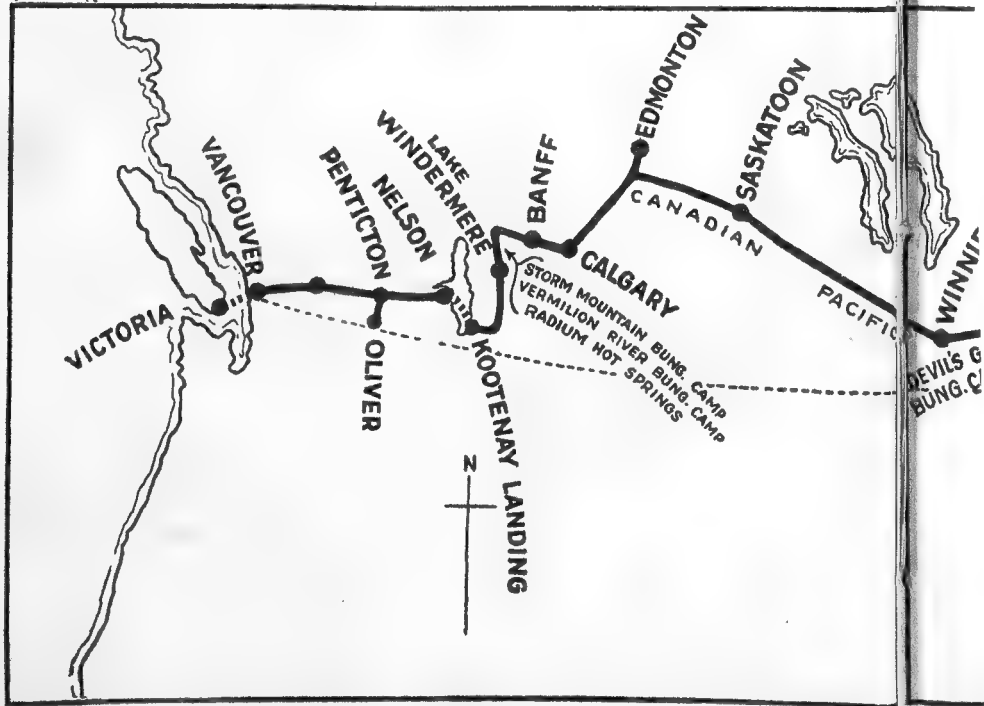
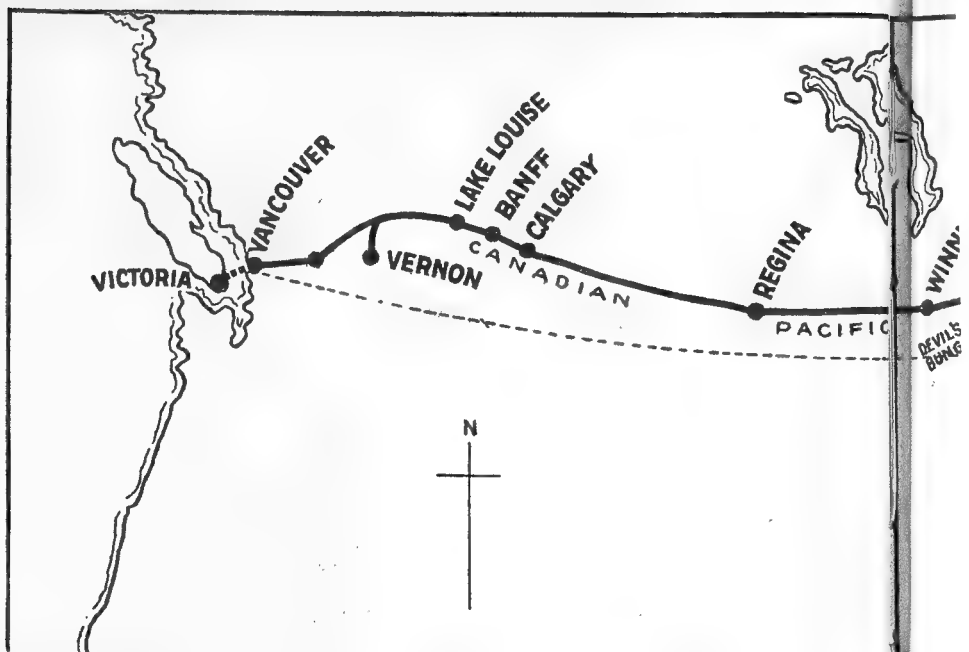
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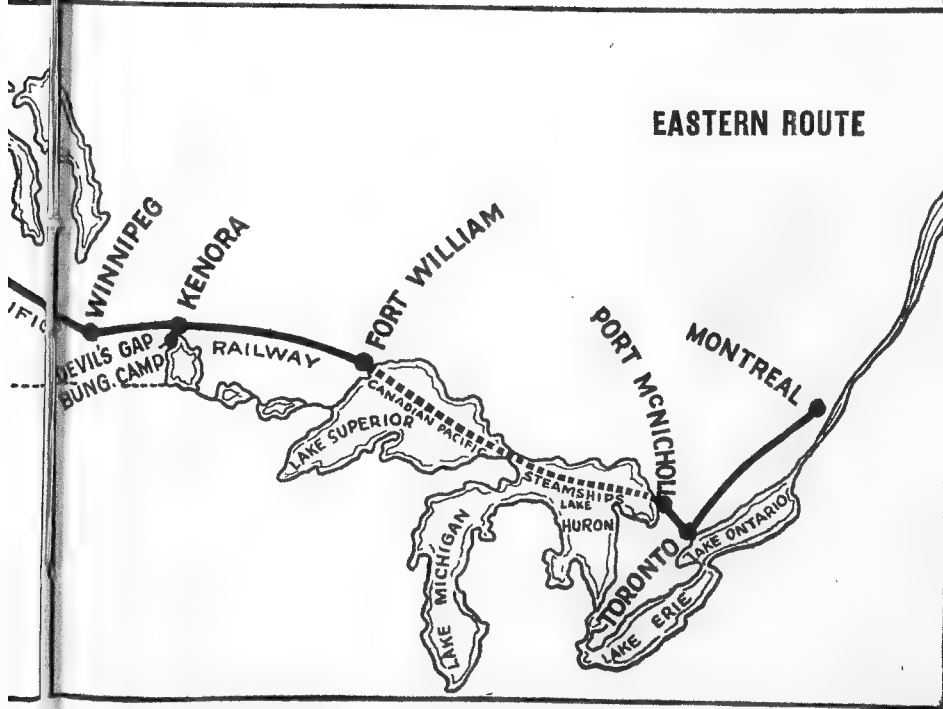
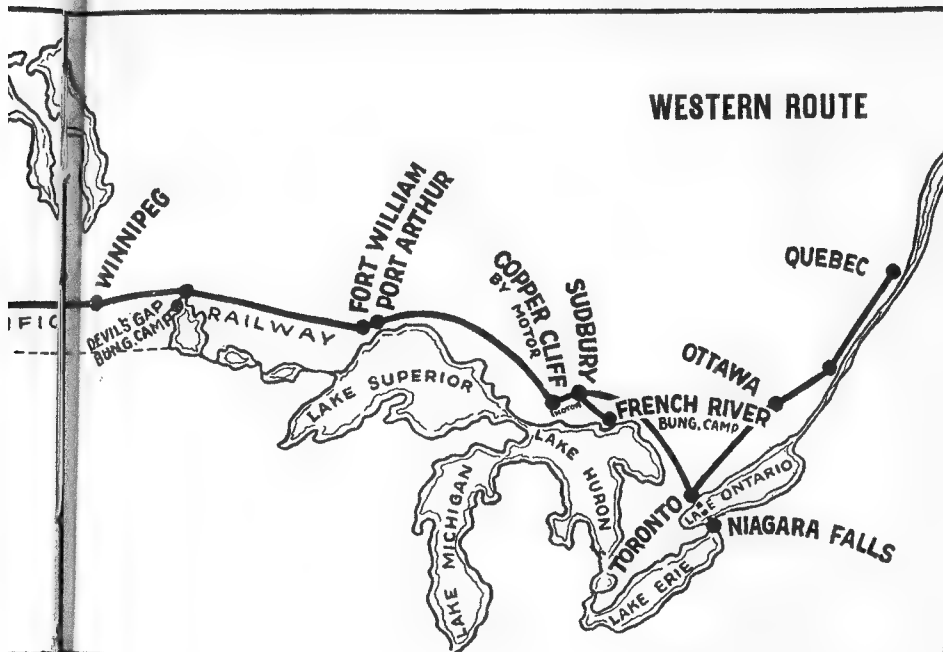
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*The map on the following pages has been
drawn to show the routes taken by the
party in their journeys across Canada.*





ITINERARY

				1925
Lv. Southampton	12.30 p.m.	Saturday	July	25
Ar. Quebec	5 a.m.	"	Aug.	1
Lv. Quebec	11 p.m.	Sunday	"	2
Ar. Ottawa	9.30 a.m.	Monday	"	3
Lv. Ottawa	7 p.m.	"	"	3
Ar. Niagara Falls	7 a.m.	Tuesday	"	4
Lv. Niagara Falls	11 p.m.	"	"	4
Ar. French River	8 a.m.	Wednesday	"	5
Lv. French River	12 noon	"	"	5
Ar. Sudbury—for Copper Cliff Mines	2 p.m.	"	"	5
Lv. Sudbury	5 p.m.	"	"	5
Ar. Port Arthur	11.30 a.m.	Thursday	"	6
Lv. Fort William	8 p.m.	"	"	6
Ar. Winnipeg	9 a.m.	Friday	"	7
Lv. Winnipeg	4.30 p.m.	Sunday	"	9
Ar. Regina	4.30 a.m.	Monday	"	10
Lv. Regina	10.30 p.m.	"	"	10
Ar. Banff	5.30 p.m.	Tuesday	"	11
Lv. Banff	6 a.m.	Friday	"	14
Ar. Lake Louise	7.15 a.m.	"	"	14
Lv. Lake Louise	8 a.m.	Saturday	"	15
Ar. Vernon	5 p.m.	"	"	15
Lv. Vernon	5 a.m.	Sunday	"	16
Ar. Vancouver	8.30 p.m.	"	"	16
Lv. Vancouver (by C.P.R. Steamer)	10.30 a.m.	Tuesday	"	18
Ar. Victoria	2.30 p.m.	"	"	18
Lv. Victoria (by C.P.R. Steamer)	11.45 p.m.	Wednesday	"	19
Ar. Vancouver	6.30 a.m.	Thursday	"	20
Lv. Vancouver	7 a.m.	"	"	20
Ar. Penticton	7 p.m.	"	"	20

ITINERARY

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			1925
Lv. Penticton	3 p.m.	Friday	Aug. 21
Ar. Nelson	6 a.m.	Saturday	„ 22
Lv. Nelson (by C.P.R. Steamer)	2 p.m.	„	„ 22
Ar. Kootenay Landing . .	9 p.m.	„	„ 22
Lv. Kootenay Landing (Rail) .	9.30 p.m.	„	„ 22
Ar. Windermere	9 a.m.	Sunday	„ 23
Lv. Windermere (by Auto.) .	9 a.m.	Monday	„ 24
Ar. Banff	5 p.m.	„	„ 24
Lv. Banff	5 a.m.	Tuesday	„ 25
Ar. Calgary	9 a.m.	„	„ 25
Lv. Calgary	1 a.m.	Wednesday	„ 26
Ar. Edmonton	8 a.m.	„	„ 26
Lv. Edmonton	11 p.m.	„	„ 26
Ar. Saskatoon	12.30 p.m.	Thursday	„ 27
Lv. Saskatoon	2.30 p.m.	„	„ 27
Ar. Kenora	11 a.m.	Friday	„ 28
Lv. Kenora	12.30 a.m.	Saturday	„ 29
Ar. Fort William	9 a.m.	„	„ 29
Lv. Fort William (by C.P.R. Steamer)	12.30 p.m.	„	„ 29
Ar. Port McNicoll	8 a.m.	Monday	„ 31
Lv. Port McNicoll	8.30 a.m.	„	„ 31
Ar. Toronto	11.55 a.m.	„	„ 31
Lv. Toronto	10 p.m.	„	Sept. 7
Ar. Montreal	7 a.m.	Tuesday	„ 8
Lv. Montreal	10 a.m.	Wednesday	„ 9
Av. Southampton	7.30 p.m.	Thursday	„ 17

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE programme described in the following pages was made possible by the co-operation and interest of Government Departments, Civic and Educational Authorities, Service and National Organisations, and by the many friends of the Overseas Education League in Canada. To all those, the Honorary Organiser on behalf of the League wishes to make appropriate acknowledgment. To do so individually and by name would be difficult, and would entail the compilation of a list greater in length than space can be provided for here.

Yet the best and most respected rules admit exceptions. The Honorary Organiser on behalf of the Overseas Education League and the visiting Educationists wishes to record most respectfully his deep sense of gratitude :

To His Majesty the King for his most gracious message on the departure of the R.M.S. *Empress of Scotland* from Southampton on 25th July.

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for an invitation to visit the E.P. Ranch at High River, Alberta.

To the Right Hon. Lord Eustace Percy, President of the British Board of Education, and to Her Grace the Duchess of Atholl, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Education, and the special Advisory Committee representing the Secondary Schools; the Incorporated Association of Headmasters; the Incorporated Association of Headmistresses; the

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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- Incorporated Association of Assistant Headmasters and the Incorporated Association of Assistant Headmistresses, whose interest and help in Great Britain made possible the organisation of the party.
- To the Premier of the Dominion of Canada and to the Premier of Quebec for their messages of welcome to the Party on their arrival at Quebec.
- To the Canadian Departments of Education, who made the Tour possible under official and exceptional auspices, by their endorsement of the invitation of the Overseas Education League.
- To the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, the Local Committees of the National Council of Education, and the various Teachers' organisations, whose whole-hearted co-operation severally through their local branches from coast to coast, provided a programme of unusual interest and abounding hospitality.
- To His Honour Henry Cockshutt, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and to Sir James Aikins, K.C., Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, for official welcomes at Toronto and Winnipeg.
- To the Governments of the Provinces of Quebec, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, Alberta, and Ontario.
- To the Mayors of Quebec, Ottawa, Niagara Falls, Port Arthur, Fort William, Winnipeg, Regina, Vernon, Vancouver, Victoria, Penticton, Nelson, Calgary, Saskatoon and Toronto for their official welcomes and generous hospitality.
- To Mr and Mrs R. Y. Eaton and the T. Eaton Co., Ltd., at Toronto, and the T. Eaton Co., Ltd., and the Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg, for their generous hospitality.
- To Messrs J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., and to Mr Henry Button, their General Manager in Canada, for the rôle he so successfully filled as the Honorary Organiser's representative in charge of the Tour.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the Canadian Pacific Railway Steamships and Rail Departments for the special train placed at the League's disposal, and for the many courtesies and privileges extended to the party.

The League also wishes to express its deep sense of obligation to a large body of friends, too many in number to designate by name, who gave unstinted help in this pioneer visit of British Teachers. They will have the thanks they most desire in the knowledge that their visitors return to the Homeland full of enthusiasm for the Dominion and inspired with a greater interest in Canada and a readiness to assist in her upbuilding and development, by the real, and they sincerely hope, abiding friendships formed throughout their remarkable and impressive visit.

F. J. N.

The task of preparing this volume has been assisted by the cordial co-operation of the contributors of the various chapters. For the use of photographs acknowledgments are made to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, who have also kindly supplied the special maps, and to Miss B. Button, Miss D. A. Dunkley, Miss C. I. Fyson, Mr C. F. Parker, and Mr F. W. Smith.

A. H. G.

November 1925



C.P.R. Liner "Empress of Scotland." Inset, Captain Gillies.

*Message from the Prime Minister of Canada, Mr
W. L. MacKenzie King, read on the party's
arrival at Quebec on August 1st.*

The Government of Canada has pleasure in welcoming most heartily to its shores the notable group of English teachers and educational administrators who are to arrive at Quebec to-day and who are to tour Canada under the auspices of the Overseas Education League. For many years Canadian teachers have been making pilgrimages to the Old Land and have always returned with hearts and minds stirred not only by the memorials of the glorious past but by the evidences of present-day achievement and of faith in the future which mark British educational activities. We trust that your study of educational systems and methods in Canada will prove of value from the professional standpoint, but we hope still more that the evidences of friendship and of personal interest which you will find in every province of Canada will convince you that you are among kinsmen and not among strangers. The surest foundation of abiding unity among the peoples of the British Commonwealth is increasing knowledge of one another's potentialities and needs gained through personal intercourse and through education. Your mission is particularly well adapted to serve this common end, and we trust that in every way it will prove of present pleasure and of enduring profit to us all.

(Signed) MACKENZIE KING.

PART I
THE STORY OF OUR TRAIL
By FLORENCE B. LOW

I. WESTWARD HO !

The Overseas Education League—A Message from the King—s.s. *The Empress of Scotland*—The Approach to Quebec—An Historic City—A Royal Reception—Introduction to Canadian Hospitality—A Bit of Old France—The Special Train—Ottawa, the Federal Capital—Niagara, the Embodiment of Beauty and Power.

ON July 24th, 1925, a party of sixty-two secondary teachers from all parts of Great Britain set out on a Great Adventure. They were to spend their summer vacation in Canada under the auspices of the Overseas Education League (in association with the Canadian Pacific Railway), an organisation which owes its inception and development to Major Ney, M.C., of Winnipeg, and numbers among its officials and the members of its Advisory Council some of the best-known men in Canada, and in our country (among others) the Earl of Meath, Earl Haig, Sir Henry Newbolt, Sir Michael Sadler, Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Robert Baden-Powell and the Rev. The Hon. Edward Lyttelton.

Since 1910 parties of Canadian teachers have visited this country, and there is no doubt that these visits have had a great influence in strengthening the link of affection between the Old Country and the Dominion. But the Overseas Education League has long felt that corresponding arrangements should be made to enable educationists and

teachers from Great Britain to visit Canada. This year, as the result of considerable preliminary work on both sides of the Atlantic, and of cordial co-operation with the educational authorities and organisations both here and in the Dominion, and with the official blessing of the Board of Education, the first party of British teachers travelled across Canada—a distance of over three thousand miles from coast to coast—under exceptionally favourable conditions. They were afforded unique opportunities for seeing practically every phase of Canadian life and work, and of meeting in pleasant, friendly, social intercourse all sorts and conditions of Canadian men and women. Of the boundless hospitality accorded to them more will be said later. Suffice to say here that the arrangements for civic receptions at all points of the journey were perfect, and the warmth of welcome extended by high Government officials and by private individuals, in stately halls, in cosy homes and at simple wayside stations, exceeded everything that could have been imagined. No mere fitting pioneers of a new movement—that of making Canada better known and understood, and of bringing before the youth of our country the boundless opportunities that this vast, fertile and scantily-populated land offers—could be found than teachers who have no axes to grind, and who are constantly being asked to advise concerning the future careers of their pupils.

With the highest hopes and the liveliest anticipations of pleasure and interest we embarked on Friday, July 24th, at Southampton, on the C.P.O.S.



Welsh Teachers mustered for the Great Adventure.

OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE 5

Empress of Scotland, a magnificent ship, the biggest liner on the Canadian service. On the eve of our departure a farewell banquet was given on board, presided over by Canon Cody of Toronto, formerly Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario, who was our "guide, philosopher and friend" during the voyage, and from whom many of us learnt much concerning Canada's educational system, of which her people are so justly proud. In his speech as Chairman, Canon Cody referred sympathetically to the illness of Major Ney, which would prevent his acting as conductor to the party throughout the tour, as had been his original intention. He assured the teachers of the hearty welcome awaiting them in all parts of Canada, for the Canadians were eager to return some of the hospitality that had been shown to their own teachers during their annual visits to our country for so many years past. Messages of goodwill were read by Canon Cody from Lord Eustace Percy, the Duchess of Atholl, the High Commissioner of Canada and the Premier of Ontario. Mrs Ney, whom we were happy to have among us, read a letter from her husband expressing his great regret at not being able to accompany the teachers to Canada as he had hoped and his best wishes for a successful tour. Dr E. H. Stevens, the head master of the Westminster City School, and President of the Head Masters' Association, as leader of this body of British teachers, thanked the various speakers for the expression of their good wishes. He promised in the name of his colleagues and himself that in journeying from East to West

and after their return they would do all they could to foster the spirit of love and friendship throughout the Empire. A telegram from the King wishing us God-speed reached us in the middle of the banquet, and this gracious act was received with enthusiasm and gave the finishing touch to a splendid send-off.

The voyage across the Atlantic—the first to most of the party—was full of interest. We had extremely comfortable and commodious cabins; all the luxuries of a luxurious hotel were ours, and the ocean proved very kindly! We had two splendid men in our Commander and Staff-Captain, the latter a V.C.; and in spite of the many millionaires (so we were told) on board, they seemed to take our party especially under their care, and they gave us quite unusual opportunities for getting to learn something of the organisation and mechanism of a mighty vessel. They even provided us with—I will not say an iceberg, but with a proximity to one that seemed so perilous that some of us more timorous females would have much preferred a less intimate acquaintance with this phenomenon, beautiful though it be, but the photographers were wildly excited and did wonders with their cameras, hanging over the railings with dangerous recklessness. A thrill passed through us all one day when we heard the cry of “Man Overboard” and saw a boat lowered in two minutes and twenty seconds, a lifebuoy thrown out, and the course of the vessel suddenly changed. Fortunately, it was a false alarm. A shoal of whales provided another excitement. Our fellow-

passengers too were a source of much interest to many of us. The seven days spent on board ship enabled us to get to know one another, and before we reached land we had to some extent sorted ourselves out into pleasant little groups. Those who were interested in the study of psychology had much opportunity for increasing their knowledge of the laws of attraction and repulsion! We were, be it said here, a very harmonious party, and many friendships were made which gave promise of permanence—and in one or two cases something perhaps more than friendship—but that is as it may be.

No account, however brief, of life on board ship should omit mention of the part played by games. People of all ages played endless games with extraordinary zest—deck tennis, quoits, shuffleboard—and indulged in walking matches, and practised daily in the splendid gymnasium. In the evening there was dancing and bridge; one night we had a variety entertainment, and on another occasion a concert, to which several members of our party contributed. A visit paid by some of the party to the emigrants in the fore-and-aft introduced us not only to prospective settlers from all parts of the British Isles, but also to many mid-European peasant folk, strong, hefty-looking men and women who must become “Canadianised” if the Dominion is to develop into one united nation. Thus before we reached the shores of Canada we were brought face to face with one of Canada’s great problems with which she is so ably grappling by a process of wise education.

On the fifth day out we sighted land, and soon we passed into the smooth waters of the majestic St Lawrence, and caught a glimpse of mountains in the distance on our right. Presently we came to the peaceful and prosperous farming Province of Quebec, and saw dotted along the river the little villages with their big, white-painted churches and the narrow fields stretching like ribbons from the comfortable-looking farm-houses down to the water's edge. We are now approaching the city of Quebec, Canada's most picturesque and historic town, occupying an unrivalled position on the great rock overlooking the St Lawrence. Before we landed on Saturday, August 1st, the Premier of the Province sent us a wireless message: "On behalf of the Provincial Government I welcome you most cordially to Quebec," and directly the *Empress of Scotland* touched land representatives of the Province and the City, among whom may be mentioned Monsieur Delage, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Dr Parmelee, Deputy Minister of Education in Quebec, came on board and greeted us most heartily.

Our welcome to the Dominion by these kindly, gracious people was so warm and charming and spontaneous that at once we felt we were no longer among strangers, but "amongst kinsmen," as Mr Mackenzie King, the Federal Prime Minister, said later in the day in his message to the party. At Quebec we were met by Mr Henry Button of Toronto, who henceforth was in charge of our party and only left us, to our unfeigned regret, on the return journey at the city where we had first

met him. A tireless organiser, a born humorist and an extremely kind man, he became the friend of each one of us, and his tact (often, I should say, severely tried) in managing a party of sixty-two teachers, all men and women of character and standing and used to managing others themselves, was marvellous. To me personally Mr Button was a source of never-ceasing joy, and he added immensely to the pleasure and success of the tour. He straightened out difficult situations, such as now and again are bound to occur in a long tour of this kind, with an unfailing good humour and good sense, which won the respect as well as the affection of the party. It is rare to meet such unselfish folk as Mr Button and his wife, who also became our friend and adviser on many occasions, and when we do it is a pleasure to acknowledge the debt we owe them.

From the moment we landed in Quebec early on Saturday morning till we left at 11 p.m. on Sunday night, we were simply overwhelmed with kindness. A series of lunches, receptions and banquets was evidence of the cordiality of the people of Quebec. It seemed, indeed, as if our new friends could not do enough for us. We spent the first morning wandering around the narrow old streets of the lower city, so mediæval in character, so full of memories of the past, and then we ascended to the Château Frontenac, on the magnificent Dufferin Terrace overlooking the St Lawrence, from which experienced travellers tell us one of the finest views in the world is to be obtained. Here we were entertained at luncheon by the Canadian Club of Quebec, which includes

most of the leading men of the city. In the afternoon, by courtesy of the Provincial Government, we motored through the city under the guidance of Dr Parmelee, who, from a spot on the Heights of Abraham, delivered an eloquent address on the battlefields and historic spots, and we realised, as it had been impossible ever to realise before, that encounter between Wolfe and Montcalm which was so momentous to our Empire. We were glad to see that these two noble soldiers of different races were honoured in common memorial, typical one would believe of the goodwill between English and French in the Canada of to-day. It was at Quebec that we first became acquainted with the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire (familiarily known throughout the Dominion as the I.O.D.E.), that wonderful woman's organisation extending from coast to coast that for the last twenty-five years has done so much to knit closely the bonds of Empire, and since the war has helped the returned soldiers and founded bursaries to enable Canadian girls to study abroad in some British University. These ladies invited us to tea at the charming Golf Club a few miles out of the city, the drive to which gave us a delightful glimpse of rural Quebec, so French and old-world—more like the France of the seventeenth century than the France of to-day—and still preserving the religion, the language and many of the customs of that period. Mrs Finnis, the President of the Quebec Branch of the I.O.D.E., gave an account of the Order, and Mr Coxhead and Miss Rosa Hovey returned

thanks for the visitors, the latter stating that the splendid work of the I.O.D.E. was known and appreciated in England. In the evening the Canadian Pacific Railway gave a magnificent banquet in our honour at the Château Frontenac, presided over by General Panet, in the regretted but unavoidable absence of Mr E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who, as Chancellor of M'Gill University, Montreal, is specially interested in educational matters. Eloquent speeches, all revealing a sincere and sane loyalty to the Motherland that was most acceptable to our ears, were made at the functions we attended in Quebec. Indeed, throughout our tour we were greatly impressed by the loyalty and affection displayed by the people, who would not hear a word of separation from the Empire or union with the U.S.A. "It's all nonsense," "Not a word of truth in it," "Absurd, not worth discussing"—such phrases were constantly used; while one politician of eminence said to me, "We are going to work out our own destiny on our own lines, but we shall *never* break the link of love that binds us to you."

We were also struck by the gift possessed by so many Canadians of making eloquent and appropriate speeches, both prepared and impromptu. It is pleasant also to record that among the members of our party were several excellent speakers whose lack of picturesque phrasing, so characteristic of our hosts, was perhaps compensated for by their modesty, their very genuine appreciation of Canada and the Canadians, and in many cases by their most

informative and suggestive remarks. The speeches of our members were very warmly appreciated throughout the tour and made an excellent impression on the Canadians. At the Canadian Pacific banquet above mentioned the chief Canadian speaker was M. Delage, who read a message of welcome from Mr Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of the Dominion, and spoke warmly of the valuable work of the Overseas Education League, which sought to harmonise all the races of which the Empire is composed and to bind them together more closely by the ties of mutual affection. Dr Parmelee acknowledged the fairness with which the English element in the Province was treated, and commended the importance of the Overseas Education League in fostering common ideals and a common loyalty to the Empire. Canon Cody dwelt on the power of education in building up a great nation and unrolled an entrancing vision of what the great Dominion had in store for us to see and enjoy. The thanks of the visitors were expressed by Dr Stevens, who finished with a few words in French ; " Chers amis, collègues, concitoyens de notre grand Empire, nous vous remercions mille fois, mille fois, de votre accueil si chaud, si sincère, et si émouvant," which greatly pleased the susceptible French-Canadians, who greeted the speech with immense applause. The evening concluded with some delightful French Canadian Folk Songs, sung in costume by a quartette of well-known singers. We shall not soon forget " Alouette " and " A la Claire Fontaine " with its haunting



Where the Trail Began : Quebec.



Near Our Farthest Point : Vancouver.

refrain, songs still sung in the French Canadian villages of Quebec.

On Sunday morning the service at the Cathedral had special reference to our visit, and the Dean of Quebec preached a most suggestive sermon on spiritual versus material values in education and in life. Afterwards we were invited to lunch by private residents of Quebec, a form of hospitality that was greatly appreciated both in this city and in other places in the Dominion, for these visits to the homes of the people gave us an insight into Canadian life such as the ordinary tourist is necessarily denied. Some of us carry away very warm feelings of friendship for our hosts and hostesses of a day, and look forward to a continuance of these newly formed links, through correspondence if the exigencies of space deny further personal intercourse. Our last function prior to our departure on Sunday night for Ottawa was a dinner given by the Provincial Government, again at the great hotel the Château Frontenac. Few speeches were delivered at the banquet, which was presided over by the Hon. C. F. Delage, who represented the Premier of the Province, unavoidably absent that evening from the city. The Rev. Abbé Walter Cannon, the Secretary of Laval University, extended a cordial welcome to the visitors and in the course of his remarks said : " We remain true to our language, our traditions, our religion, and are loyal subjects of England, devoted to the best interests of our Province and our country and in consequence to the whole of the British Empire." From East to West

this note of loyalty to the Empire resounded in our ears, and nowhere was it stronger than in the Province of Quebec, where as one French-Canadian expressed it, "To the freedom which we enjoy under the British Empire we owe our peace, prosperity and happiness; naturally we are loyal to you!" Dr Stevens again acted as spokesman for us and thanked all the organisations and the people of Quebec for the notable reception given our party. Their sojourn in the historic city of Quebec, he said, would remain one of the pleasantest souvenirs of their lives. Miss Rosa Hovey added a further speech of thanks and Mr Skyrme also spoke.

At 11 p.m. we entered the special train, placed at our disposal by the C.P.R., which was to be our hotel for the next four weeks as we travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again. Some of the women of the party rather dreaded the prospect of so long a period spent in a train, and feared they might feel the confinement by day and be unable to sleep at night. As a matter of fact we were extremely comfortable and soon came to regard the train as our home so that we always spoke of "going home" after a day's expedition. On the train we had everything (except baths!) that we could desire, and we were saved much fatigue by being able to sleep on the train at most of the many places we visited. The provision of this special train also facilitated the carrying out of a far more extensive programme than would otherwise have been possible. We had many opportunities of getting out of the

train and stretching our legs, for we stopped at many small stations, and here on many occasions the people from the district round assembled to greet us and to find out whether some of us came from their part of the Old Country. It was touching to see the affection they still felt for places which many of them had left years and years ago. "Anyone here from Hertford, Bristol, London?" would come the cry, and we pressed forward to shake hands warmly with those whose only connection with us was that we both came from the same town or village. But through these stray meetings we carried back quite a number of messages to relatives, some of which I know have already been delivered, to the great joy of both the sender and the receiver.

Mais, revenons à nos moutons! The drawing-room car, well provided with literature by the Federal Government, the Provincial Governments and the C.P.R., with its great expanse of windows and the open-air observation car, gave us ample accommodation for enjoying the magnificent scenery of the West, while our own little compartment, a bed by night, a seat by day, was a refuge and a quiet spot when we wanted to write or think or—dare I say so—take a nap after lunch! Of the catering I cannot speak too highly, but then that is not surprising, for we had the services of the chef and head steward who had accompanied the Prince of Wales in his tour through the Dominion.

The courtesy and kindness shown to us by all the C.P.R. officials on this train (as everywhere on our journey) demand a special paragraph. From

Mr Essex, the Passenger Agent, who was with us throughout our 6500 miles' trek and whose knowledge of the country was invaluable, down to our black attendants, always so merry and in several instances so intelligent, not to say intellectual, they all devoted themselves to our well-being, and were never weary of answering our endless questions, showing us points of interest on the route and explaining Canadian conditions, etc. Our baggage master, whose compartment was constantly being invaded at all hours of the day and night, was a model of good temper and possessed of an excellent memory which enabled him to direct us to our trunks—always being shifted—without a moment's hesitation. Our experience on this train introduced us to Canadian democracy in its pleasantest form. Passengers and officials were all friends together. One of our waiters was a University student who was earning his college fees during the Long Vacation, and one of the conductors was a highly educated man who looked like President Wilson and conversed like a professor ! A great deal of the success of our tour was, I think, due to the goodwill and capability of the C.P.R. men of all grades, and, of course, to the splendid organisation of Mr Button, who was ably assisted by Mr Thomas, a young Englishman not long down from Cambridge.

At 9.30 a.m. on Monday morning, August 3rd—a civic holiday—we reached Ottawa, the Federal capital—a great contrast to Quebec—where we were met on arrival and warmly welcomed by the Mayor and representatives of the Educational



Canada's New Federal Parliament Buildings at Ottawa.

Institutions, the Canadian Clubs, the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, the Local Council of Women and the National Council of Education. We spent a delightful if crowded day as guests of the civic authorities and saw as much as was possible in a few hours of this bright and friendly city with its fine buildings, beautiful residences, charmingly laid out public gardens and parks, and the Rideau Canal bordered with tall trees and flowering bushes. We were shown round the great pile of the Federal Parliament Buildings, which has risen so speedily and so magnificently since it was mysteriously destroyed by fire in 1916. By kind permission of the Dominion Government authorities the new Central Tower Entrance, a fine piece of architecture, was opened for our benefit and guides showed us round the chief places of interest. Remembering the limited accommodation in our own legislative buildings we were immensely impressed by the spaciousness of the Canadian House of Commons and the ample room allotted to each M.P. At twelve o'clock the city entertained us to lunch at the Château Laurier. Colonel C. F. Hamilton presided and delivered an address dealing very suggestively with such problems as University standards, co-education, and the like. Mr Fred Charles replied for the guests. Here we met many of the leading men and women of Ottawa, who later took us in their cars for a drive round the city, and to the Experimental Farm where a Garden Party was given by kind invitation of the Department of Agriculture and the Director of the Farm.

The visit to this Experimental Farm, one of a chain that stretches right across the continent, was of very great interest to us all and especially to the scientific members of our party. Here we learnt of the research work that is going on in order to improve the wheat and to help the farmer to get rid of the many pests that play havoc with his crops. Here we were told about the famous Marquis wheat first produced at this Experimental Farm which, by its resisting power, its abundant yield and its early ripening, has been such an important factor in Western Canada's progress. We could have stayed at this pleasant place, the "Kew Gardens" of Canada, much longer, but, alas, time would not allow of this, and in the electric cars, placed at our disposal by the city, we returned comfortably to our special train. We said good-bye to these friendly Ottawa folks with regret and felt here as we had felt at Quebec, and were to feel on so many future occasions, that we left real friends behind us. At 7 p.m. the train steamed forth for Niagara.

A long day (August 4th), from 7 a.m. to 9.30 p.m., was spent at Niagara, one of the world's wonders. I have neither the space nor the pen to describe adequately this marvel of nature. The effect of this huge volume of water falling down from an immense height, the clouds of foam and mist, the swirl and the noise of the rushing torrent is just overwhelming. It was a wonderful and exciting day. "Thrilling" was the adjective that rose to our lips when after having donned oilskins and sou'westers we descended into the tunnel behind the Canadian Falls, from the "portals" of which

there were marvellous views of the tremendous avalanche of waters rushing down before one's face. The same word "thrilling" described the journey on the Niagara River in the little steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, whence we obtained more magnificent views of the Falls. A civic lunch was given us, and we were not surprised that our Canadian hosts waxed lyrical in praise of their unique city; nor were our own speakers behind in their eloquence and their admiration. The Mayor of Niagara said, "Doubtless the Creator might have created a better spot, but doubtless He never did," and Dr Stevens spoke of Niagara's "matchless combination of beauty and power."

In the afternoon we visited the great Power House which provides Ontario with abundant cheap electricity, without in the least detracting from the beauty of the Falls. A six-roomed house, we were informed, could be lighted and heated for about one shilling a week.

Before we left Niagara we saw the Falls illumined in many colours to the unbounded delight of thousands of spectators, Canadians and Americans, many of whom travel hundreds of miles to witness this amazing scene. I think we were glad to leave these vast crowds and to get our last glimpse of Niagara on this beautiful evening from the quiet of our train. We spoke little that night and soon retired to our berths to ponder over and recall in detail the miracle we had seen that day.

II. THE GATEWAY OF THE WEST

From Niagara to Winnipeg (1500 miles), Forests, Lakes and Rivers—A Lazy Morning at French River Bungalow Camp—The World's Biggest Nickel Mine—The Twin Cities of Port Arthur and Fort William—Elevators and Enthusiasm—"Our Children have Chances"—Winnipeg, the Centre of the Dominion—Western Hospitality—The Canadian Woman and Her Home.

WE left Niagara at 11.30 p.m. on Tuesday, August 4th, and reached French River at 8 o'clock next morning, having only caught a glimpse of the beautiful country we were passing through, the famous Muskoka district—a region of rocks, woods and streams with abundant "*roches moutonnées*" telling of the glaciers that once covered the land—Ontario's holiday ground, visited during the summer by thousands of Canadians and Americans. After the thrills and excitements of the previous day we were delighted to spend a quiet morning, free to do whatever we liked, at the French River Bungalow Camp, the first of many such camps that we visited in different picturesque spots in the Dominion. French River empties itself into Georgian Bay, an arm of Lake Huron, and like so many of the Canadian rivers encircles innumerable islands, the home of all kinds of wild life, and offers excellent sport to the hunter and the angler. The district is of historical interest, for it was by the French



Aboard the "Maid of the Mist."



Ready to Face Niagara's Spray.

River that Champlain, one of the pioneers of Canada, reached Lake Huron from the St Lawrence in 1615. The Camp is built on a "bluff" commanding a fine view of the river and its winding inlets; it consists of a number of comfortable little bungalows accommodating one or two people and a central hall for meals and recreation. The day was superb, the scenery glorious, and many of our party were content to lounge on the banks of the river and talk to the holiday-makers, who told us wondrous stories of their trips down the little rivers through pathless woods and uncharted streams, where fish in abundance was to be found and whither their Indian guides had led them with unerring instinct. We watched with interest and a touch of envy a middle-aged couple, both dressed alike in tweed knickerbockers, khaki shirts and high boots, packing up their impedimenta for a three days' canoe trip into the unknown, accompanied by two Indians, who carried all that was required for camping out. The more energetic members of the party went rowing, canoeing, bathing, fishing or walking. Motor launches placed at our disposal by the officials of the Camp took us to lovely, solitary bays and inlets where the wild geese rose at our approach and—poised in mid-air ready for flight—made a striking Japanese-like picture against the deep blue midday sky.

From French River it was but a comparatively short run through a bleaker, rocky country to Sudbury, and then on by cars to Coppercliff, where the largest nickel works in the world are situated. Here we spent the afternoon as guests of the

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British American Nickel Corporation, the courteous officials showing us over the great smelting works and explaining the various stages of the difficult process by which nickel and copper are extracted from the ore. Later on we were entertained most hospitably to tea at the Club House. We learnt a little of the miner's life in Canada, and we were glad to note amongst the gaunt, blackish hills of the district the comfortable little frame-houses, with verandahs on which the babies were sleeping safely, and the large swimming bath for the men and their wives. North of Sudbury is one of the richest mining districts in Canada, only awaiting capital for its development and already yielding considerable wealth to the Province of Ontario. We entrained late in the afternoon, and the next eighteen hours were passed in our moving home. The journey from Sudbury to Port Arthur was of great interest and amazing variety. At first the line ascends steeply and we cross high bridges, sometimes connecting fertile valleys, sometimes great projecting rocks through which mountain torrents have cut their bed. In parts it is a wild and desolate country, reminding us now and again of Scotland, with its pine forests, its solitary lakes, its rocky formation. We passed a number of little stations with strange-sounding names—Nemegos, Missanabie, Pogamasing, Wakami—reminiscent of their Indian origin. Sometimes this uncultivated region, where no sign of human habitation was to be seen for miles and miles and miles, was carpeted with masses of pink willow herb and golden rod, but curiously enough there was not a trace of

PORT ARTHUR AND FORT WILLIAM 23

heather as the Scottish-like surroundings rather led us to expect. As the C.P.R. approaches the shores of Lake Superior it cuts its way through huge rocks that come right down to the water's edge and from Heron Bay to Port Arthur (a distance of about 160 miles) the line runs along a ledge hewn out of the great cliffs and level with the Lake. On our way we pass the Nipigon Lake region where the Prince of Wales enjoyed excellent sport, for here the finest caribou and moose wander unmolested in the vast forests and on the many islands.

Port Arthur, at the head of Lake Superior, was reached on Thursday, August 6th, at 11.30 a.m. We had a most cordial reception, the citizens turning out in large numbers to meet us on our arrival, and newspaper reporters eagerly desiring news and views of the travellers. Here and at Fort William, its "Twin," a short distance away, we had our introduction to Canada's industrial life, for these two cities are the homes of the giant elevators, whither the grain is brought from the prairies to be transhipped to its destination in due course. Seen from the water—we crossed the harbour later to Fort William—these massive iron constructions have an impressive grandeur and seem to symbolise the vastness of the Canadian harvest on which the prosperity of the whole country depends. Business men and teachers accompanied us in our hour's stroll round the city and explained to us the working of the elevators, and pointed out the pulp and paper mills and the many other industries which with the increasing agricultural population in the surrounding district

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are attracting people of all nationalities to the Twin Cities. Some of us visited the Collegiate Institute in Port Arthur, a fine stone building in pleasant grounds overlooking the Lake, of which the citizens are justly proud. I strayed from my group and asked the way of a trim little woman accompanied by a neat little boy, who incidentally gave me some useful information concerning the prospects of the immigrant. "I am English," she said, "and came over just after the War with my husband, a mechanic. We both work very hard, but I wouldn't go back again to England for anything. You can always do *something* here and then the children have such chances!" This was the note throughout Canada: work for all if you don't mind what work it is, and a hopeful future for the young.

We were entertained at a civic lunch, where the Mayor addressed us, Mr Coxhead and Miss King Church replying for the guests. At three o'clock the teachers of Fort William took us for a delightful trip round the two harbours, and at tea on board we met many educationists and teachers who were eager to give us information about their schools and to obtain details concerning ours. I was fortunate in sitting next to a head master with whom I had a very interesting conversation. He was a man of racy speech and great individuality, unlike any head master I had met elsewhere, but he seemed to me to have the root of the matter in him. He was enthusiastic in his belief in education and his desire that every Canadian child should be thoroughly well educated and have the chance of

becoming a good citizen. Like many Canadians he believed the school system of his own city was well-nigh perfect. Local patriotism is very strong in Canada and seems to be a most valuable factor in the making of a fine nation, for the citizens appear to be willing to devote their time and their money to civic and provincial betterment.

On disembarking at Fort William we took trams to Chippewa Public Park, a very lovely natural stretch of land along the Lake, much used by the people for camping—for which admirable cooking facilities are provided—picnics and dancing. One part of the Park is wired off as a kind of Zoo, and there we saw eagles, badgers, coyotes, bears, elk and a pair of magnificent buffaloes. Supper was served in a large rustic pavilion of undressed pine, the Acting Mayor presiding, and afterwards many of our party joined the local dancers until it was time to go aboard our train. Others enjoyed the lovely evening strolling in the Park or by the Lake, and I think we were all impressed by the orderly behaviour of the crowd of men, women and children, mostly workers from the city, who came out by tram or in their own car to spend their leisure in this pleasant fashion.

Our day at the Twin Cities had helped us to realise something of Canada's wealth in grain, lumber and water power and her vast undeveloped resources, and our three days' sojourn at Winnipeg (426 miles west of Fort William), which we reached at 9 a.m. on Friday, August 7th, still further increased our knowledge of Canadian conditions and Canadian needs. For here, as

henceforth everywhere in the West, we were told with almost wearisome reiteration that Canada needed men, British men for preference, but above all men who could and would work and who meant to make a home in Canada for themselves and their families.

We arrived at Winnipeg in the rain, but the lure of the West was upon us and nothing could damp our spirits. During our week's journey through the Dominion we had caught something of the optimism so characteristic of the Canadians and we felt sure we were going to have good weather. And so indeed we did—a succession of glorious sunny days, with air so exhilarating that the three days in this fine city were not long enough for all the things we wanted to crowd into it. Certainly Canada's climate is one of her greatest assets.

Dr Fletcher, Deputy Minister of Education for Manitoba and Honorary Treasurer of the Overseas Education League, and several prominent educationists, including Miss Elsie Moore, Chairman of the Winnipeg Branch of the League, Mr E. K. Marshall, Secretary of the Manitoba Teachers' Federation, and Dr L. A. H. Warren, of the University of Manitoba, met us at the station and welcomed us in the name of the Government and the city. Dr Fletcher, whose long experience in the Education Department has given him an unrivalled knowledge of the educational system of his Province and of its development from tiny prairie schools to the splendid Public Schools, High Schools, Technical Schools and University with its well-equipped Agricultural College, was a mine of

information to the English visitors and gave most generously of his time and his wealth of knowledge. He told us of the problems Manitoba had to face—and they are much the same in the two other Prairie Provinces, Saskatchewan and Alberta—the scattered population, the constant stream of young settlers at all stages of mental growth, and the necessity for absorbing and Canadianising the foreign children who come to the country unable to speak a word of English.

At Winnipeg our party was augmented by four—Miss Morant, Miss G. Brown, the son of one of our members, who was learning to farm on the Prairie and from whom one gained much valuable first-hand information as to life on the land, and the young daughter of Mr and Mrs Button, a delightful example of Canadian girlhood—its capability, its independence, its cheerful amiability and its out-door atmosphere.

We were billeted at the spacious Royal Alexandra Hotel adjoining the station, where we appreciated the luxury of a bath-room attached to our bedroom. Private citizens drove us in their cars through the city to Kildonan Park on the banks of the Red River, and here in the fine pavilion we were entertained to lunch by the civic authorities, presided over by Mayor Webb (he lost a leg in the War), who in a striking speech emphasised Canada's loyalty to the Empire, the great resources of the Province and the urgent need for men.

"The city has much pleasure in welcoming the first party of secondary teachers," he said, "and looks forward to an influx of teachers every year

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henceforth who will take back to England first-hand information about this great country of ours and come to know us better as we wish to know you and will help to send us the men we need—men who are ready to *work*.”

In response to the Mayor's welcome, Mr Charles said that the whole party had been left breathless by the warmth of the reception accorded to them, by the vastness of Canada and by the spaciousness even of its buildings. “Your chief characteristics are the youthful energy evident on every hand combined with the forethought of a wise age,” he said. “You have immense docks and harbours with space for still more, you have vast buildings always with space for more, and here in Winnipeg we find you have provided even huge recreation grounds, such as this park, with a view to future development.”

In the afternoon we were motored out to Fort Garry, that historic spot, the scene of many interesting and exciting events in the annals of the Hudson's Bay Company which has played so great a part in the building up of Canada. This stone fortress, with its loop-holes for rifles and its bastions, situated at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, was built in 1831 and was used as a residence by successive governors of the company. Here came trappers and fur traders and factors from the far north. Fort Garry occupies “a unique place in the annals of Canada.” It was not only a great executive, administrative and social centre: it was the meeting-place, the clearing-house, the junction of the great northern, southern and western trade routes.



Archbishop Matheson, President of the O.E.L., with
members of the party at Winnipeg.



Canon Cody and Mrs. Ney, before the members sailed
from Southampton.

In the evening the Canadian Clubs of Winnipeg entertained us to dinner at our hotel, and the Hon. H. R. Craig, Attorney-General for the Province, delivered an oration on "Manitoba, Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow," full of statistics which some of the more serious-minded of our party diligently noted in their diaries, to be used later on, one imagines, in many geography lessons.

At eight o'clock next morning (Saturday, 8th) we were breakfasting at the Hudson's Bay Company's Stores by kind invitation of the Directors, and afterwards we visited the Museum with its wonderful collection of exhibits illustrating the history of the Company from its establishment in 1670 down to the present time, and in addition the customs, dress and industries of the Indians, the original inhabitants of Canada. Then came a drive out to the Agricultural College where the Hon. Charles Cannon, Minister of Education, presided at the luncheon tendered us by the Provincial Government. In his address of welcome Mr Cannon, an old Public Schoolboy himself, contrasted the educational problems of Manitoba with those of the Old Country. He was followed by the Dean of the College, who dwelt on the importance of teaching agriculture in a province where agriculture was the primary industry. Dr Stevens replied and spoke most appreciatively of Canadian hospitality. After an all too short walk in the beautiful grounds of the College and a cursory inspection of lecture-rooms and laboratories—the Department of Home Economics was of

special interest to the women members of our party—we were whisked off to see the Parliament Buildings, which many Canadians consider the finest public buildings in the Dominion; some of us, indeed, thought they were the finest modern buildings we had seen anywhere. The architect was an Englishman, and the cost was over £2,000,000.

Next we went to a reception at Government House where Sir James and Lady Aikins received us very graciously and cordially and we met many delightful people. Later, at the banquet at the Fort Garry Hotel, given jointly by the Provincial Government and the Overseas Education League, the Archbishop of Rupertsland, Primate of Canada and President of the League, was in the chair. He spoke on the value of the interchange of teachers and what such a visit as ours meant to both Canada and England—a delightful, friendly speech, delivered with a fatherly benevolence that was warmly appreciated by all present. Sir James Aikins followed with a speech full of devotion to Canada and Great Britain and adorned with apt quotations from Canadian poets. Miss Lilian Hovey and Dr Stevens responded for the visitors.

Sunday was a quiet but very enjoyable day. The Archbishop preached a most interesting and appropriate sermon at St Luke's Church on "He leadeth me beside green pastures," dwelling on the need for teachers, if they are to maintain high ideals, to refresh themselves in body, mind and spirit during their vacations. Members of the party lunched at private houses and spent the afternoon with our

hosts and hostesses, learning much of Western Canadian social life. My hostess, the wife of a Professor, took me over her house from the basement, where I investigated the heating system and the wonderful electrical washing apparatus, through the living rooms and bedrooms, all planned and furnished to save labour wherever possible.

This lady was kind enough to give me some very useful details of her housekeeping, and, as she had lived for two years in England recently, her comparison between the different methods in the two countries was really illuminating. "It's ever so much easier to run a house here," she said. "First of all we have no coal fires. Think what that means in the saving of time and labour: no dust or dirt, no carrying about of coals: no lighting of fires. The furnace heats the whole place, including the bathrooms and passages (and how chilly these are in your country (she added, in parenthesis). It also provides the hot water in each bedroom, again a saving in labour. Why, we can do all our housework comfortably in a couple of hours.

"Then," continued this lady, "we cook by electricity, which is very cheap in Winnipeg, and that again means less labour and no dirt."

She took me into her kitchen, with its spotless white paper and white tiles, its kitchen cabinet, with everything required for cooking close at hand, and its large fixed-in cupboards.

"Of course," commented the Canadian lady, "we housewives over here do ever so much more work ourselves. My sister in England, in much the same position as I am, has three good servants; I

have only one. In addition to helping in the laundry I and my daughters do much of the cooking. They make the beds and tidy the bedrooms before they go off to school and college in the morning, and they constantly wash up in the evening.

"Our meals are much simpler and our last meal is earlier. I open the door to visitors, a fact which surprises my English friends considerably. I suppose we look upon our household work quite differently here because we have always done it, and we do not let it interfere with our pleasures."

Well, I thought as I bade good-bye to this well-dressed lady, who looked as if she had plenty of leisure in her life, and bore few traces of care or hard work, you Canadian women must be very capable and sensible, and I wish some of our girls could go to you and take lessons in the art of living.

At Winnipeg, the gateway to the wheat district of the Dominion which stretches nearly 1000 miles through Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, we naturally heard much of the prospects of the harvest almost ready for gathering in as we passed over the prairies on our way westward, and already cut and sent to the elevators on our return east a fortnight later. All were optimistic as to the yield, which promised to beat all records and bring prosperity to the whole country, and it is good to learn from the latest statistics that the total has reached some 423,000,000 bushels of wheat, an increase of 160,000,000 bushels over 1924. We also again, naturally enough, heard much of the great fertile spaces waiting to be cultivated which could provide a livelihood for millions of agricultural workers, and



Bird's-Eye View of Banff.

almost indefinitely extend the wheat crop of the Dominion. All the speakers stressed the need for a larger immigrant population; according to the last census Manitoba with an area of over 250,000 square miles has a population of less than 700,000, and all urged us to take an invitation back to our young men (and to a lesser degree our young women) to come out to a land that would welcome them warmly if they were strong, adaptable and willing to work hard on the land.

The city of Winnipeg with its broad and splendidly-lighted streets, its fine buildings—one or two banks were specially notable—and its beautiful sylvan environs greatly impressed us. But citizens are more than cities and we were even more impressed by the wonderful cordiality and hospitality of the people who for three days entertained us royally, showed us all that was most interesting in a city of phenomenal growth, and taught us much concerning the economic, social and educational conditions of the Province. Our visit ended on Sunday, August 9th, at 5 o'clock, when a number of our kind friends gave us a splendid send-off at the station.

III. PRAIRIES AND ROCKIES

The Granary of the Dominion—The Man who Matters—Regina in Saskatchewan—Banff (Alberta)—“The World’s Future Playground”—In the Orchard Lands of British Columbia—The Majesty of Nature and the Marvels of Man—Vancouver, the Gateway of the Pacific—Victoria, “beautifully British.”

THE Prairies stretch from Winnipeg in Manitoba to Calgary in Alberta, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, and we passed through the world’s greatest grain-producing district at the moment when they are seen at their best. Is there anything more lovely than a field of wheat “ripening unto harvest”? And when these fields extend as far as the eye can see, and a soft wind ripples the rich bearded grain and the sun shines forth from a deep blue sky, he would indeed be ungracious who did not feel a thrill of gratitude for Nature’s bounteous and beautiful gifts. We saw the Prairies at sunset as we left Winnipeg on August 9th, and we saw them at sunrise at Regina, and it was hard to say which was the lovelier sight. Though for more than half the journey the train runs over absolutely level ground, there is, at any rate in summer, little sense of monotony or of isolation in these great spaces. The prairie provinces are rich in wild flowers and we noted from the train a riot of “black-eyed Susans,” great ox-eyed daisies, phlox-like flowers of all

colours, mauve scabious, purple willow herb and golden rod, a mass of flaming colour in the gorgeous August sunshine. We passed several flourishing towns, notably Portage la Prairie and Brandon, and many busy little settlements straggling along the railway. In the distance dotted over the prairie were groups of two or three farms, and, in several instances, solitary shacks telling of man's successful efforts as pioneer.

Before I left Winnipeg I was enabled, through the courtesy of the C.P.R. agricultural adviser at Winnipeg, a lady who for several years has run a farm herself, to visit one or two prairie settlements and learn a little of some of the settlers' history. One farm visited may be considered fairly typical of most of the others—though as my guide remarked, "In Canada no two farms are alike. In one small area you may have British and foreign farmers, educated and uneducated men, all living together in neighbourliness though their tastes and their habits and customs are very different." In the course of my little tour I met a farmer who had been a shepherd in the Highlands, one was an Oxford man, one a Pole, another a Frenchman, and yet another a Londoner!

Well, this particular farm belonged to a Scotsman who had come out thirteen years ago as a "hired man," and, by a stroke of good luck, had been able, after six years' very hard work, to buy his employer's quarter section, paying for it by instalments. Then he went home, and brought back a wife, and now the little household consists of three members. It was a very cosy and pretty little frame-house, with

a wide verandah, on which the family slept during the summer months, and a furnace in the basement which warmed the four pleasant rooms in the winter. The house was simply furnished, but seemed to contain all that was necessary for comfort.

"Do you find it very hard work out here?" I asked the wife, a bright-faced, capable-looking young woman. "Well," she replied, "it's a whole-time job, but I just love it out here, and wouldn't live in the Old Country again for anything."

"You see," said her husband, a handsome young fellow, brown as a berry and full of vigour, "this is our very own now, and every bit of work or capital we put into it is to our advantage. When do we finish work? Never! Why, the other day our neighbour was hoeing his potatoes at 10 p.m. under the light of the moon! But who minds work if you get good results?"

We reached Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, some 360 miles west of Winnipeg, early on Monday morning, August 10th, and spent a long day in this bright, well-planned and prettily laid-out city of 40,000 people.

I shall always remember Regina for its beautifully situated Legislative Buildings facing an ornamental lake and with wide, open gardens filled with a mass of many-coloured flowers—in the brilliant afternoon sunshine a flaming glory, in the evening a dream of poetry and fairyland. I shall also keep Regina clearly in my mind because of its splendid schools and colleges, and the excellent speeches made by the Minister of Education and



Beautiful Lake Louise.

the members of our party—Dr Stevens, Mr Charles and Mr Coxhead.

An interesting programme had been arranged for our entertainment, which included a drive round the city, a visit to the Government Buildings and to the chief schools, and in some cases quite a long trip over the prairie to give us an idea of the surrounding country and the way in which Regina is built right on to the uncultivated land. It is younger than its "neighbour," Winnipeg, but both may be regarded as typical Western cities. Both have rapidly developed, both are optimistic in the extreme as to their future, both have intense local patriotism. Both extended to us a wonderful hospitality, both showed an immense enthusiasm for education, and both expressed in their public utterances a great loyalty to the Empire and a heartfelt wish to see their respective provinces settled by men and women from the Homeland.

The civic and educational authorities and the Canadian Club of the city gave us a luncheon and the President described briefly the development of the city since the first settlers arrived in 1882, and the very next year erected a tiny school. To-day it has a splendidly organised school system, one of the best in the Dominion.

Dr Stevens, at the request of our hosts, gave an address on "Canada as we have seen it so far." He referred to the extraordinary wealth of experiences the visitors had had during their eight days in Canada and recalled vividly the characteristics of the different places we had visited. "At Quebec we experienced the first instalment of that wonder-

ful hospitality and cordiality we are receiving all the way through the Dominion. . . ." "In Canada," he declared, "you have laid a broad and firm foundation for an Empire, and on it you have commenced a mighty structure." Of the great natural resources of the Dominion, a good deal of first-hand knowledge had been acquired, and we had realised that what was most needed to develop them was an increase of suitable population. In England, said Dr Stevens, they had a Head Masters' Employment Committee formed to find employment for pupils of secondary schools, and one of the big problems was that of emigration. Many a boy wanted advice which it was not always easy to give. Canada was the first thought when the question of overseas settlement was discussed, and Dr Stevens asked the Club if Canada could assure boys of a good type intending to emigrate that they would have an opportunity to train and to acclimatise before they were asked to face the worst of the pioneer life in this country, and would find friendly guidance and some sympathetic oversight in their first years as settlers. "What in fact is Canada prepared to do to get the right sort of British youth on the land that so sorely needs him ? "

Mr Charles voiced our appreciation of what we had seen in Regina—its teachers, school buildings, Normal College, etc.—and paid a high tribute to the educational enthusiasm of the Canadians.

At the Legislative Buildings we were given a reception and a supper, presided over by the Minister of Education, the Hon. S. Latta, familiarly known in the Province as "Sam," a tribute to his

friendly, kindly nature. He made us all feel thoroughly at home, talked to us as if we were old friends and delivered a delightfully racy speech, which seemed the embodiment of the Western spirit. He touched on many topics of great interest with a vigour, a rough eloquence and an enthusiasm that won our hearts. "We welcome you on behalf of our 6000 teachers and 200,000 children. The children are our greatest asset and we want to do the best for them. We are organising one new school district a day, and our 210 continuation schools bring higher education into the rural districts. I want to do a little advertising," he remarked, "for we need it. Perhaps we Canadians *do* exaggerate a little, but I'll try to keep as near the truth as possible." He told us of Saskatchewan's population of 820,000, composed of 67 nationalities. Mr Latta ended a stirring speech with: "We are proud of the same flag and the same institutions as the Old Country; we love the British flag and revere it." Mr Coxhead replied in a brief but admirable speech for the teachers.

Our friends, many in number, came to see us off when we left late that night, the Minister of Education expressing the hope that he would meet us all again later in our trip, a hope that was realised when he joined our train at Saskatoon and travelled with us for a few hours to Yorkton. We journeyed through the night and reached Calgary next morning, and from the roof of the C.P.R. Palliser Hotel obtained our first glimpse of the Rockies, but that fleeting view gave little indication of the glories that were in store for us. For a week we lived

among great jagged pinnacles of all sizes, shapes and colours—here sharp and defined against the sky, there soft and mysterious and vague, wreathed in filmy mist or smoke from the forest fires. Switzerland pales before this grandeur ; great torrents come tumbling down from unknown heights, glaciers gleam milky-green in the distance, gorges through which the swift streams have pierced a channel lie below us, while rivers speed their way east and west.

Banff (Alberta), our next stopping-place, was reached next evening, Tuesday, August 11th, in time for us to walk over the bridge up to the Banff Springs Hotel and sit on the terrace where we admired the superb view. The Bow River, bright emerald green, rushed along below, winding in and out through a lovely valley with the great mountain ridges towering above. It was a heavenly evening, clear and starlit, and as towards midnight we sauntered back to our train-hotel we agreed that this was one of the most beautiful spots any of us had seen—and we were by no means an untravelled party. No wonder the Americans have discovered Banff and come to it in their thousands. Perhaps before long our own countrymen will realise the attractions this mountain centre has to offer for holidays, with its facilities for climbing, bathing, walking and hunting, and for those who seek beauty its unequalled scenic charms. Next morning we were driven on a bold road up Tunnel mountain where we had splendid views of the surrounding country, now, however, through a change of wind, somewhat veiled by the smoke of the great forest

fires which had raged this year with unprecedented fury. A bright-faced, strong young giant was our driver, and greatly to our terror insisted on talking to us at most critical points in the journey, when we feared to be precipitated a thousand feet below into the bright green river. He was an Englishman, son of an English country vicar, the outdoor, athletic type of Britisher. "Go back to England?" he exclaimed. "Never. Why, it has been the dream of my life to seek adventures in other lands, and I've had plenty of 'em here!"

"Well, what have you been doing these three years?" we asked. "All sorts of things," he laughed, "some of which my dad would certainly not approve, but I'm saving money, having lots of fun as I go along, and when I have rolled around and sampled this country I hope to settle here as a farmer."

He had been "hired man," lumber-jack, and assistant to a trapper. He had "run" a shoe-shine parlour, and acted as guide and boatman in one of the bungalow camps; and this year he was a motor-car driver at a holiday resort. Put that young Englishman anywhere, and he would come through!

We were driven on to the Great National Park which contains some magnificent buffaloes roaming freely about, supervised by picturesque-looking mounted guards with rifle and lasso. We lunched *en famille* at the Mount Royal Hotel in the bright and gay main street of the little town, and the afternoon was spent according to our individual fancy—some visited the sulphur springs and the



Zoo, some bathed in the beautiful bathing pools at the Banff Springs Hotel, some sat and gazed and dreamed in the lovely surroundings and the lovely sunshine.

At the hotel we met some of the Trail Riders who had just returned from a wonderful three days' trip in the Rockies where, mounted on horseback, a party of over one hundred men and women had followed in single file the old Indian trails hitherto untrodden by the white man, and had penetrated into marvellous unknown ways and camped amid the August snows. Mr Murray Gibbon, an enthusiast for Canadian scenery, and the originator of this exciting expedition, henceforth to be of annual occurrence, very kindly took some of us next day for a wonderful drive on the Banff-Windermere Highway to the Marble Canyon, a magnificent gorge made accessible by a steep path up the pine-clad slopes and crossed by many small bridges. On the way we passed some of the great craggy heights of the Rockies, their summits snow-tipped, their lower slopes clothed with pine woods from which emerged wild sheep, goats and deer.

Early next morning (Friday, August 14th) we journeyed to Lake Louise in a superb situation higher up among the mountains, but the weather was unpropitious, for it rained nearly all day. We drove off through the pelting rain for nine miles along a lovely forest road above the Bow River Valley to the beautiful Moraine Lake, nestling beneath the crags of the Valley of the Ten Peaks. After a short stay in the cosy Tea House we returned to Lake Louise, lunched at the Triangle

Inn and spent the afternoon and evening in the princely Château Lake Louise on the shores of the pale green lake. Though we had some fine views over the lake we could gain, alas, but a faint idea of a spot which artists declare to be lovely beyond words. At the hotel we met Mr Leonard Richmond, a well-known English painter, who showed us some beautiful sketches of Canadian mountain scenery which he hoped later to exhibit in London.

From Lake Louise we traversed the most magnificent section of the Rockies, but as it rained all the morning we saw little of the glories of Field, with Mount Stephen towering above, or of the lovely Columbia Valley, with the chalets of "Edelweiss" built by the C.P.R. for the Swiss guides whom they engage for each summer season, and who have now mostly settled and married in Canada, or of Glacier with Mount Sir Donald and its great snowfields in the very centre of the Selkirk ranges. The majesty of the mountains made us realise anew the marvellous power of man who has pierced the massive rocks—the Connaught Tunnel is five miles long—bridged the chasms and the torrents and carried the rails high up through the passes and round the ranges. Serpent-like the railway pursues its precipitous path, forming here spirals, there horse-shoe bends. What vision these men of the "eighties" possessed and how wondrous must have been the moment when engineers, working in both directions, met at Craigellachie (in 1885) and the great highway was completed and a new world opened to man!

At Sicamous on Lake Shuswap the rain ceased, the mist cleared off and we had extensive views of

the district as we travelled south from this point through the Okanagan Valley—the most British part of British Columbia—to Vernon at the extreme north of Lake Okanagan. Here in this delightful little place in the midst of its well-irrigated orchard lands we had some of our “jolliest” experiences, welcomed and entertained by such friendly, homely country people, experiences unlike any other we had enjoyed during our long trek across the Dominion. Our few hours—we were only at Vernon from 5 p.m. till midnight—were crowded with happenings. A most varied programme had been planned and all the arrangements were carried out with delightful completeness and cordiality. On our arrival at the little station we found a crowd of friends to greet us, and a regular fleet of private motor-cars to take us at once for a drive through the Coldstream district, along the high Kalamalka Drive overlooking the Lake. *En route* we learned much from our drivers of this beautiful fruit-growing district. At seven we sat down to a sumptuous supper in the Court House with the Mayor as Chairman, who referred in terms of gratitude to the kindness extended by the British to the Canadian “boys” during the War, and to the desire of the Canadians to return this hospitality. Here as elsewhere the speaker enlarged upon the opportunities offered by the Dominion, and emphasised her need of men and money to develop its great potential wealth.

Dr Stevens reviewed briefly the history of the Overseas Education League and dwelt on the good that was being accomplished by these exchange



Hell Gate in the majestic Fraser Canyon.
[Note on left the winding railway track.]

ENTERING THE FRASER CANYON 45

visits. Miss Morant dealt with the school systems of England and Canada and complimented the Canadians on their zeal for knowledge, at the same time begging them not to forget the ideals of co-operation and service which should inspire their educational aims. Mr T. J. Jones alluded to the language question in Canadian schools, the difficulties of which he, as a Welshman, could thoroughly appreciate. He delighted his hearers by speaking of himself as an "anthropological specimen" and won the hearts of the Vernonites by describing them as "the sweetest people in Canada." After supper we were driven to the Civic Park where an admirable open-air concert was given for our benefit and many national airs were performed, the British guests remaining comfortably in the cars, the horns of which gave forth applause in comical fashion. The evening ended with dancing at the Court House and a splendid send-off at midnight.

We travelled all day Sunday (August 16th), again through a marvellous stretch of country. Passing along the shores of Lake Shuswap and Kamloops Lake, and for many miles through the Thompson Canyon with its triple tiers of alluvial terraces, we entered at Lytton upon the wonderful Fraser Canyon. As to the amazing wonder of this great natural feature, I cannot do better than quote the words of our chief spokesman, Dr Stevens, at the dinner given in our honour by the Board of School Trustees at Vancouver, which was very warmly appreciated by the British Columbians present. "It would take a Ruskin," he said, "to describe this

great canyon which forms so splendid a portal to your Province. Take the grandest gorge in the Alps, double its width, triple its height, make it fifty miles long, mould its walls into an infinite variety of soaring lines and noble profiles, clothe the upper slopes with serried ranks of pines, the lower with varied trees of beautiful form and colours, floor it with a continental river, and you will have some idea of the Fraser Canyon."

The Canadian Pacific Railway is carried on a daring terraced track, first on the left bank, then on the right of the canyon. More recently the Canadian National Railway has also come this way, and is laid along the old Caribou road from the north on the opposite bank of the C.P.R. It carries one train a day, and the competition seems superfluous.

We reached Vancouver City on Sunday evening, and were welcomed by the President of the University of British Columbia and many leading citizens. We drove through the brilliantly lighted streets to the magnificent Hotel Vancouver, where we put up till the following Tuesday morning, hours of "crowded life" and most enjoyable.

Here we were joined by Miss McGaw, a clever newspaperwoman, a C.P.R. representative, who accompanied us over to Victoria and down the Kettle Valley to Windermere and Banff. She proved a pleasant addition to our party and gave us much interesting information about the customs, ways and tastes of her countrymen and women. She learnt much, so she told me, about our people and was glad to have had this opportunity to get

to know English men and women in this friendly, intimate fashion.

Apart from the hospitality and kindness we received the city itself was full of interest to us. The citizens of Vancouver possess vision and an unlimited belief in their city's extensive developments. They have seen it grow marvellously from a few shacks at the beginning of the century to a splendid city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants to-day. Their fine harbour, with its beautiful background of mountains, is bound, they say, to become the leading port of the Pacific. I do not know if this is so, but nothing in the history of Canada since the War has been more remarkable than the growth of Vancouver as a port. They are building with an eye to the future, and their new University, rising up on a magnificent site of 540 acres a few miles from the city, is a practical embodiment of this belief.

The arrangements for our entertainments were in the hands of Mrs R. C. Boyle of the National Council of Education, who devoted herself to us in most kindly fashion during our sojourn in the city. We breakfasted at the great Hudson's Bay Stores and were then taken in private cars to visit the chief points of interest—the magnificent harbour, filled with great vessels carrying cargo to and from the Orient, Stanley Park with its stupendous trees, the fine Marine Drive on the shores of the Pacific. At noon we were the guests of the city at a luncheon in the Stanley Park Pavilion where the Chairman, Mayor Taylor, welcomed us and gave some very interesting statistics concerning the school population of the city and the Province. Mr Charles and

Miss Gower Jones replied in a few words of appreciation of the hospitality extended to the party throughout the tour and a reference to the beauties of Vancouver, "on the sun-kissed shores of the Pacific." In the afternoon a lovely drive through the residential part of the city—the Shaughnessy heights and the fine newer boulevards overlooking the Pacific—brought us to Point Grey, where we had the unique opportunity of seeing a University "in the making." The President, Dr Klinck, and many of his colleagues received us and showed us over the splendid buildings, Dr Klinck addressing us briefly on the growth of the University. There were already over 1300 students in attendance at the University and the new buildings were so planned that they could be extended to meet the growing needs of the Province.

Perhaps the following extracts, culled from Vancouver papers showing how we impressed our Canadian friends may amuse some of the readers of this record.

"Each of the women in the party, as she was received at the University by President L. S. Klinck, was an animated personification of the genteel English head mistress of schools to which the families of England have been sending their children for centuries."

"The English schoolmistress of tradition, cultured, charming, yet reserved, conservative with the years of British public schooling behind their conservatism, yet receptive to ideas gained through travel and conversation, and with a beautifully-toned accent that proclaimed her nationality as much as did her



London Members—in Repose.



Head-Teachers at British Columbia's New University.

tailored costume, was finely typified in the party of English school teachers."

In the evening the Board of School Trustees entertained us at dinner at the Hotel Vancouver, from the roof garden of which earlier in the day we had had a magnificent panoramic view of the city with the two great mountain summits, the Lions, on guard as it were over the harbour. The Chairman of the School Board, Dr Nicholson, presided and addressed the gathering; he was followed by Mr Taylor, the Mayor of Vancouver, who depicted in glowing terms the resources of British Columbia, stressing the unlimited scope for development and the welcome that would be given to British settlers in a Province where so many of the people were of British descent. Dr Stevens's description of the Fraser Canyon has already been quoted. Miss Morant commented on the indescribable beauties of Canada and the future of the Dominion, referred to the new University of British Columbia as an embodiment of faith and vision and urged the necessity for elasticity in any system of education.

Next morning (Tuesday, August 18th) some of us visited the harbour where we would gladly have lingered, fascinated by the strange faces, strange tongues and strange bales of cargo ejected by the strange-looking ships from the East. Here East and West meet and jostle one another—a mingling of mystery and romance, of dollars and hard-headed business men and weather-beaten old-time sea captains, all suggesting the stories of Stevenson and Conrad. But our steamer, the *Princess Kathleen*, left at 10.30 a.m., and a lovely four hours' passage

across the straits, with superb views of hundreds of islets and inlets and great mountains veiled in mist, brought us to Victoria, 84 miles distant, the capital of the Province and the seat of Government which is housed in fine buildings facing the harbour. At Victoria a committee, representing the Daughters of the Empire, the teachers of the city, the Canadian Clubs and other organisations met the party and presented each of us with a very pretty little bouquet and a card of welcome. Cars took us round the city which with its English-looking homes made an instant appeal to us all. Of all cities in the Dominion this is the most emphatically "British" and attracts more and more Britishers every year. A delightful garden-party was given at the home of Mrs Sampson at Oak Bay, the I.O.D.E. and the Victoria Teachers' Association acting as hosts and hostesses. In the evening an official dinner of welcome by the Government of British Columbia and the Victoria Teachers' Association took place at the Empress Hotel (so beautifully situated on the harbour), where we stayed during our visit to Victoria. The chair at this dinner was taken by Captain Brown of the Teachers' Association, and addresses of welcome were delivered by the Hon. Dr Maclean (who is both Minister of Education and Minister of Finance—a suggestive combination!), by the Chairman and by Mrs Hodges, President of the Victoria Branch of the I.O.D.E. Dr Stevens reminded his hearers that men were more than buildings. Miss Morant and Mr Coxhead also replied. A very delightful reception attended by a large number of Victorians completed our first day in the city.

Breakfast was taken next morning at the Hudson's Bay Store and this was followed by visits to a lumber mill, the Crystal Gardens, the Observatory and other places of interest. We returned to the Hudson's Bay Store for a lunch tendered us by the Municipality at which the Mayor of Victoria spoke. Mr Jones and Miss Ames replied. Our afternoon was very fully occupied : first we drove in private cars to the Experimental Farm, then to Mr Butchart's wonderful sunken gardens, famous all over the Continent, where we spent a wonderful hour in the gardens and in the lovely house, hospitably entertained by Colonel and Mrs Butchart, and finally to Brentwood College, a new school for boys run on English Public School lines, and ideally situated at the head of a rock-bound inlet of the sea. Mr Hope, the head master, entertained us at supper, and gave a most illuminating account of Canadian education, pointing out its merits and its defects and the growing demand for the type of school which his College represents. Mr Bolus replied in a speech fragrant with classical allusions.

We left Victoria at midnight and slept on board ship. This city on the Pacific, our journey's end after a three thousand miles' trip across the Dominion, had extended to us the hand of good fellowship. Like Quebec that gave us our first welcome, Victoria the beautiful had made us feel that distant though we were from the home of our birth here was another home, and here were new friends delighted to receive us, not only as friends but as true brothers and sisters, for were we not all, Canadians and English alike, Children of the Mother Land ?

IV. EASTWARD BOUND

The Kettle Valley, B.C.—A “ Corn-roast ” in the Fruit District—
Windermere Bungalow Camp—The Great Motor Highway through the Rockies—Calgary and a visit to the “ E. P.”
Ranch—Edmonton and Saskatoon, Universities of marvelous growth—The University Student.

THE return journey of over 3000 miles from the Pacific to the Atlantic was so admirably planned that except for about 80 miles from Banff to Calgary and some 400 miles between Winnipeg and Fort William we never retraced our footsteps ; we always had new experiences and saw new aspects of the country. On leaving the city of Vancouver early in the morning of Thursday, August 20th—where we bade good-bye regretfully to two of our party, Miss King Church and Miss G. Brown, both bound for New Zealand—our special train carried us through the beautiful Kettle Valley and Southern British Columbia, the finest fruit-growing district in the Dominion. This branch railway, like its parent the C.P.R., is a marvel of construction and opens up a magnificent tract of country. The train winds in and out among mountains, crosses thirteen wooden trestle bridges, many spanning deep-cut gorges wherein rich green, azure blue and sometimes icy white glacier torrents speed their way wildly to some distant outlet. Sometimes we



Enjoying Cantaloupe at Oliver.

passed through woods and forests; sometimes through lovely orchards, and here and there were charming rural bits that reminded us of the Old Country.

One dark moonless night we saw suddenly a marvellous sight: a forest fire, a great advancing wall of flame darting its tongues of brilliant orange-red hundreds of feet high and licking and devouring everything as it sped along fanned by a strong wind. It was a terrific, an awful, a magnificent and an unforgettable scene, so sensational and melodramatic that it almost seemed, as the train hurried us along, as if we were gazing at a cinema picture.

Our first stopping-place was Penticton, at the extreme south of Lake Okanagan in the peach district, which we reached at 7 p.m., after a twelve-hours' run from Vancouver. At this charming little place we received the same kind of real "country" hospitality as we had experienced earlier in our trip at Vernon, on the north of the same Lake. On arrival we were heartily welcomed by the Reeve, by Canon Thompson and by members of the Board of Trade, the School Board and other public bodies. Cars conveyed us in the dusk of the evening to the shores of Lake Skaha three miles distant, a beautifully-wooded piece of water, and here we were introduced to a strange and picturesque scene. Gathered round a huge bonfire on the shore was a big assembly of people of all ages celebrating the "corn-roast"—a typical Canadian festivity which takes place when the Indian corn is ripe for cutting. The corn-on-the-cob is roasted in improvised culinary utensils, each present takes his

portion out, dips it in hot butter, salts it, peppers it, and forthwith eats it in right primitive fashion, *i.e.* holding each end of the cob in his fingers. Most of the English visitors partook of this succulent "yellow bantam" and joined heartily in the fun, which concluded with some charming songs by our Welsh members and the singing of "Annie Laurie" by Miss Lilian Hovey, who received an ovation from the audience, many of whom were of Scottish descent. Dr Stevens expressed the pleasure of the visitors in being allowed to take part in this unusual entertainment. On returning to Penticton some of our members joined in an open-air dance with the people of the neighbourhood and spent a most enjoyable time.

Next day a full programme had been arranged for us. As our train was "moored" by the Lake a few devotees of old Izaak had a little pre-breakfast fishing, and some took an early morning swim.

A long drive in the morning along the Lake shore roads through picturesque orchard country brought us to Oliver, a soldier settlement organised and provided with extensive irrigation works by the Government. We partook of a "Canteloupe luncheon," the district being noted for this delicate fruit, a kind of small melon, but very much richer in flavour. The settlement is only four years old and it was very interesting to hear from some of the settlers of their experiences. I had an informative talk with an Englishman who came out to Canada some twenty-five years ago as a "homesteader." He had paid ten dollars (£2) for his land, 160 acres, and just before the War he had sold it for £700,

after having lived on it comfortably, with a wife and two children. He had worked very hard indeed, and so had his wife, and, when he left his prairie farm, he opened a store in a new western township, and had prospered. Two years ago he came to this settlement, where he was doing very well as a store-keeper, with good prospects for the future, if the place developed.

"But it is no use for a man to think he can get on here without very hard work," he said. "I used to work from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m. during our short summer, and the man who expects an eight-hour day is no good here."

"In this valley there are splendid opportunities for men who have some capital. Small fruit ranches of from five to ten acres give good returns, but a man must be able to wait. He can practically raise all he requires in the way of food on his own ranch, so his household expenses are very low."

The speaker was of opinion that the man of twenty-five to thirty-five, who had two or three children, probably made the best settler. Oddly enough, he said, he was not sure that the farm-bred man was necessarily the best type. "It's the handy man sort of fellow who can turn his hand to anything who counts here. Often the town man is not so set in his ideas as the country chap."

On our return to Penticton a public luncheon was given us at the comfortable country hotel, the Incola. Canon Thompson was in the chair and spoke to us with the eloquence of long and devoted service at home and in Canada. He referred to the "Old Mother" as rather a tottery old lady fussing

over her offspring, and the Dominions as the healthy youngsters, and described the opportunities offered by Canada, and British Columbia in particular, to the youth of our land. Very movingly he pleaded for the maintenance of high ideals of duty and service in the schools and in the life of the nation. Mr Charles in reply made an admirable speech: the old lady was by no means exhausted; she still had great vitality. The spirit of service and of work had not died out in the old land and, in fact, our ideals and those expressed by the speaker were very near together. Britain and Canada alike desired to keep the Empire united, knit by the surest of all ties, the ties of affection. After the heartiest of "au revours" at the station, we left soon after luncheon and continued our journey eastwards through southern British Columbia till we reached early next day (Saturday, August 22nd) Nelson, on the south-western shore of Lake Kootenay, where we spent a few hours. It is a thriving little city in a mining and fruit-growing district, and its public-spirited citizens with the Mayor, Mr John Bell, as their representative, made our brief stay very pleasant and interesting. Private cars, driven by their owners, took us for a long circular drive into the environs of the city, while free rides in the municipal tram cars enabled us to see many of the city's outstanding buildings, and incidentally to learn a little of the commercial progress of this section of the Province. My chief remembrance of Nelson, however, centres round Dr Stevens, our "grave and reverend seignior," the leader of our party, eating plums as he sat on the curbstone in

WINDERMERE BUNGALOW CAMP 57

company with a little group of ladies to whom he offered great bags filled with this fruit ! I shall always recall Nelson also as the place where I bought apples from a Russian woman clad in peasant costume, a member of the Doukabhor settlement, that practises the principles of the early Christian Communists, holding their goods in common.

From Nelson we went by steamer to Kootenay Landing, our special train, in two parts, being ferried down the Lake on barges. It was a rainy afternoon and evening and we could see little of the banks whose mountain slopes were covered with pine forests. Now and again we caught glimpses of forest fires, the smoke from which at intervals hung over much of the country we traversed between Kootenay and Windermere.

At Windermere Bungalow Camp, situated in the Columbia Valley, which we reached early on Sunday morning, we spent a wonderful day. Some indeed of our party considered it the most delightful time of the whole tour and implored our guide to let us remain there for a longer spell, but Mr Button, kind as he always was to meet our wishes, was firm ; the programme was arranged and other places were making ready to welcome us, and therefore the timetable must be adhered to ! Nestled among the mountains in this "valley of perfect peace," Windermere Camp, with its log bungalows on a "bluff" above the Lake, offers the visitor everything he can desire. We had gorgeous weather and a most varied programme—boating and bathing, drives and walks, a visit to an old pioneer, Mr Bruce, who told us fascinating stories of his early experiences, and

a great and delightful surprise in a talk by Captain MacCarthy, of Mount Logan fame, who had been "captured" by Dr Stevens, himself an ardent Alpine climber. It was a thrilling and heroic story that he told so modestly and simply, and we felt that the interest of our Canadian trip had been much enhanced by this chance meeting with a great explorer.

At 9 a.m. on Monday, August 24th, we started on our motor drive along the great highway which runs from Windermere to Banff, a distance of 104 miles, through the Rockies, and opens up a magnificent stretch of country hitherto revealed only to the animals—the bear and the moose, the deer, the mountain sheep and the goats—and the few bold sportsmen who hunted them. This road, completed in 1923, is a link in the great 6000 mile "Grand Circle Tour" from Calgary to Los Angeles and back. It is a triumph of engineering skill, and is indicative of the far-sighted vision of the Federal Government and the Provinces of Alberta and British Columbia, which united to pierce the massive mountain wall between the prairies and the coast and at the same time to preserve as a great National Park an area of some 600 square miles of virgin land through which the new highway winds its path.

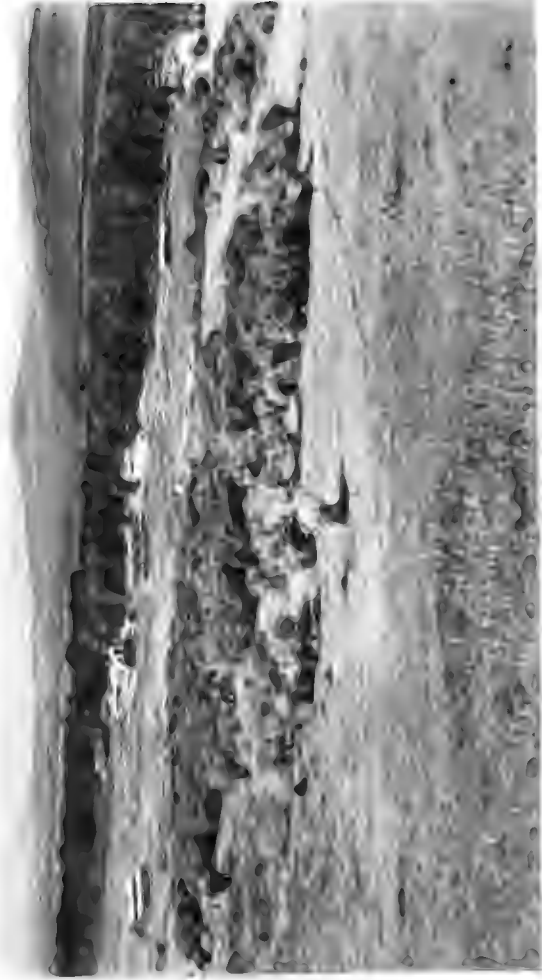
Our party set off in charabancs driven by most experienced drivers who skilfully manœuvred the big cars round corners which seemed dangerously near to the edge of precipices and up dizzy heights. The road at once began to ascend northward from the Columbia Valley and we quickly reached the

magnificent rock portal of the Sinclair Canyon and the Radium Hot Springs, where many of our party disported themselves happily in the warm waters of the open-air bathing pool. The road now led through the National Park with its inscription "The mountains shall bring peace to the people," and we passed through the Iron Gates between huge red rocks. Then for miles and miles we drove through the vast virgin forest, filled with the scent of the pines and the silences of untrodden ways. Lunch and tea were taken at the Vermilion and Storm Mountain Bungalow Camps. Here and there we came upon patches of snow, and as we emerged in the open the great mountain ridges were tipped with snow. Range after range now came into sight, grey and jagged and shaped like castles, cathedrals and fortresses; we passed torrential rivers, fire-scarred forests and magnificent canyons, till finally we caught a glimpse of a familiar sight: Banff perched among her protecting mountains! Wild animals had come out of their hiding-places to gaze at us mildly and pursue their way untroubled and unafraid, for the Government guards their welfare carefully. We had all hoped to see the bears of which travellers had told us so much, but oddly enough this sight was reserved for the more timorous of our party who had "funked" the great highway and gone by train. "They ambled across the lines, quite happy and unperturbed," was the vexatious news we were greeted with on our arrival.

Calgary was reached at 9 a.m. on the 25th. It is a thriving commercial city which like Edmonton and Saskatoon has grown very rapidly during the

present century. It is the gateway to the Rockies and has become a centre of tourist traffic. There are many industries in and around the city including lumber mills, brick and cement works, meat packing plants, etc., and it possesses, greatly to its commercial advantage, natural gas, though not to such a great extent as Medicine Hat in Saskatchewan. As usual representative men and women met us at the station and warmly welcomed us, Dr Scott, Superintendent of Education for the City, taking the visitors in charge for the day's proceedings. We were driven round the city in private motor-cars and on to the prairie, which in Alberta has many more trees and undulating slopes than in the East, and it was in this Province that we noticed, as the train carried us towards the Rockies, the great herds of cattle and the splendid horses.

Some of us while at Calgary took the opportunity of visiting the "E.P." Ranch, 70 miles south of the city in a lovely district of big mixed farms and ranches. We drove through wheat fields, with the Rockies on our right, and as we approached the Prince's home the roads left much to be desired, and we wondered how the Prince liked being bumped in and out of the holes! It is a simple house of the bungalow type with a verandah on to which opens the Prince's very simply furnished bedroom. The whole place is indeed similar to that of the well-to-do-ranches on the prairies. A smooth grass lawn and a pretty flower garden lent a welcome English touch to the place. Here the Prince keeps splendid herds of shorthorns and takes his share of the work of the ranch. He is very popular in



The Prince's Ranch in Alberta.

Canada and everywhere we went we heard praise of his simplicity, friendliness and spontaneous gaiety. While we had been out at the E.P. Ranch some of our colleagues had dined quietly together at the fine Palliser Hotel and a few of the men had been guests at a luncheon given by the Rotary Club of Calgary. The Press members of our party were specially entertained by their Canadian colleagues at Calgary and later at Edmonton.

At the dinner held in our honour by the Board of Education and the Civic Authority the Mayor of Calgary presided, and we were very fortunate in having with us that evening Mr Perrin Baker, Minister of Education, whom the indefatigable Mr Button had seen by chance at the station and cajoled into attending this festivity in spite of the great pressure of his official duties. Mr Baker spoke of the peculiar geographical difficulties of Alberta, where there are about 150,000 children scattered through an area approximately 700 miles in length. He drew a picture of the loneliness which faces the young teacher going into the outlying districts and of the splendid work of "Canadianisation" that these teachers are doing. The Mayor of Calgary also dealt with the same subject saying: "Our teachers need the help of the Old Land in assimilating these other nationalities and training them as Canadian citizens loyal to the Old Land. We are all learning all the time," concluded the Mayor. "We have learned much from you here to-night, and you in your travels have learned much of Canada. We hope you will go home and give some idea of the magnitude and

possibilities of this country, and that you will tell the people there that we welcome our own stock here to hold the country true to the traditions we have inherited." Dr George Kerby, Principal of Mount Royal College, also extended a hearty welcome to the teachers "in whose hands (he said) lies the destiny of the Empire."

Mr Charles, after a few words of appreciation of the treatment the party were receiving in Canada and a reference to their reception in Calgary, proceeded on request to tell something of the work done in his own school, a school of commerce, where, in the department of science, the students were taught by men of commerce to trace the buying and selling of commodities through all their stages.

Mr Brockington, the City Solicitor, the son of an English schoolmaster, said he had found Canada was "a good place for an Englishman," and referred to the interesting fact that the Premiers of Alberta, British Columbia, and Saskatchewan, were all Englishmen, the two former had "wielded the pick and shovel" when they first came to Canada, and the last mentioned had been originally a farm labourer. He concluded an eloquent speech by expressing the wish that British ideals and British traditions might be planted and kept alive in Canada. "The warmth of our reception, not only in Calgary, but elsewhere, overwhelms us," declared Miss Morant, in replying to the address of welcome, "and it is with feelings of warmth that we return this spirit of welcome." She had been immensely impressed by the real belief the Canadians had in education and she felt sure a very great future lay

ahead of this Dominion. The speeches were interspersed with a delightful programme of music contributed by local artists of more than local fame. After the banquet we had time for very pleasant and informative talks with some of our hosts and hostesses before we left at midnight.

Next morning (August 26th) we reached Edmonton at an early hour, but not too early for kind friends—representatives of the city, the Provincial Government, the local committee of the Overseas Education League, the University of Alberta, the Women's Canadian Club, and various education bodies—to come and greet us at the station. Under the charge of members of the School Board and the Teachers' Association we spent the morning driving round the city and visiting some of the schools, the building and equipment of which, as in other cities throughout the Dominion, greatly impressed us. Some of our party took part in a variety of sports to which Edmonton generously invited us—swimming in the large bathing pools, tennis and golf ; some went out to see an Indian school, others strolled through the city "on their own bat," and quite a number found friends and old pupils to whom they paid a brief, but much appreciated visit. Here it may be noted that the publication of the names of our party in the local papers before our arrival led to many delightful meetings between our members and old college friends, former colleagues and former pupils in many different places in the Dominion.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the University of Alberta, situated on high ground over-

looking the North Saskatchewan River and facing the city. Here Dr Tory, the President, and Mrs Tory, and the members of the University most hospitably entertained us, Dr Tory giving a striking address on the history of the University and its aims and ideals. Mr Coxhead returned thanks and expressed his admiration not only of the University buildings but of the men who are doing so much to inspire a love of learning in this young Province. At dinner that evening in the Macdonald Hotel we had the pleasure of entertaining the Premier of Alberta, Mr Greenfield, and Dr and Mrs Tory, our Chairman being Mr Charles. The speeches were of quite an informal nature. Dr Tory, who had been largely responsible for the excellent programme during our day's halt in Edmonton, introduced the Premier to us. Mr Greenfield spoke of the opportunities Alberta offered to the worker, and very simply and without "boosting" told something of his own career. "A man must take the task that comes to him and not wait for just exactly what he wants," was the gist of a very thoughtful speech. Mr Parker replied on our behalf.

Our departure from Edmonton at 11.30 p.m. was marked by a thrilling incident: a couple of ardent sight-seers wandering round the city arrived at the station only to see our special train a mere streak in the distance. Dashing along the line the gallant squire caught up the train and with much agility climbed into the observation car and shouted "stop" for all he was worth! His efforts were successful; the train was shunted back and the affrighted and blushing lady, a prey to



Devonians in the Pacific.



Yorkshire Tourists Afloat.

the most harassing anxiety, one would imagine, was again safe on board !

A flying visit was paid to Saskatoon (August 27th) in Saskatchewan, that city of phenomenal growth. It was here that we met a Welsh settler of the early nineties who was then one of twenty-eight people in a twenty-mile radius. Now he is a Dominion M.P., and a few miles from his home is this thriving, growing city and the fine University of Saskatchewan. I myself visited Saskatoon in 1912 when it was little more than a collection of shacks and unmade roads, though noble plans both for the city and the University were already drawn up which by now have materialised. We spent a couple of hours at the University on the site of which, we were told, as late as 1910 two starving wolves were seen fighting over a bone. To-day the University of Saskatchewan is a splendid pile of buildings, with magnificent grounds and a fine Agricultural Department close to which is situated the Dominion Forestry Farm. The latter is doing excellent work in providing farmers with trees—mostly poplars—and shrubs as protection against the cold winds from the north, and already the face of the prairie has been greatly improved, and life on the farms made more comfortable by this wise measure of practical help.

At all the Western Universities we heard much of the method by which the students work their way through College. As many as 80 per cent., we were informed, contribute the greater part of their fees through their own efforts. Everywhere on our journey across the Dominion we met well-educated young men and girls doing all kinds of work with

which we in England do not as a rule associate them. Thus, at a lake-side holiday resort I saw a young fellow in overalls loading trucks with potatoes and wheeling them from boat to warehouse, a laborious and dirty job. He told us he was a would-be University student who hoped to earn enough by this three months' job to pay his first year's Session at College and trusted to earn the rest required for the four years' course during the long vacations. The girls show the same initiative and energy, and again and again we found that the waitresses at hotels and bungalow camps were College girls. They are on a perfect equality with those whom they serve, and often they join in the social life of the place. It was a pleasing indication of the very real democratic feeling that apparently exists among all workers in the Dominion.

V. THE LAST LAP

An Unconventional Minister of Education—The Devil's Gap Bungalow Camp—Across the Great Lakes—A Week in Toronto, its Manifold Interests—East Rivals West in its Welcome and Hospitality—Visits to Schools and to the Universities—Hart House, an Unique Institution—The Boys' and Girls' House—"Eatons"—Montreal the Largest City in the Dominion—The Voyage Home—Some Reflections on the Tour—The Teachers' Message to the King.

FROM Saskatoon to Yorkton on our homeward journey (August 27th) we had the great pleasure of being accompanied by Mr Latta, the Minister of Education for Saskatchewan, who had already made himself our friend at Regina. In the observation car and at dinner he talked to us most freely on educational and emigration subjects, and begged us to ask him questions. I am not sure he was prepared for such a regular bombardment, but he did his part manfully and with much dry good-humour. We all felt that we had learnt a very great deal from one of Canada's big men during that brief period and were very grateful for this opportunity of an informal talk with a foremost Canadian educationist. Before the Minister left us we indulged in a wonderful sing-song in which he joined, the Canadian national anthem being sung with much feeling :

O CANADA !

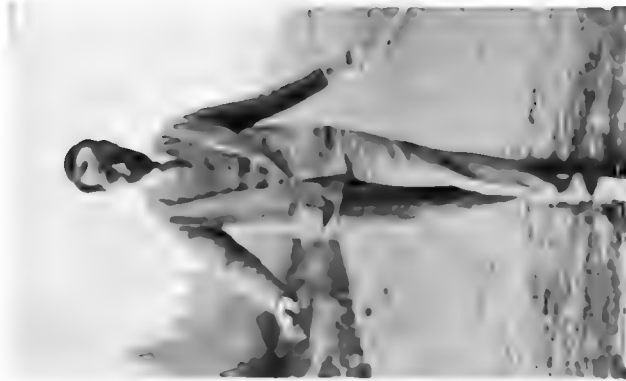
O Canada ! Our home, our native land,
True Patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North strong and free ;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

Chorus.

O Canada ! glorious and free,
We stand on guard,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada ! we stand on guard for thee.

Mr Latta expressed his warm appreciation of our reception of him, hoped other parties of teachers would follow our example, and was visibly touched as he departed to the hearty strains of "He's a jolly good fellow."

We reached Kenora, some hundred miles east of Winnipeg, early next morning and spent a long day at the Devil's Gap Bungalow Camp on the Lake of the Woods (Ontario), one of the great holiday centres in North America. The Lake is extremely beautiful, dotted about with thousands of islands, on some of which Canadians and Americans have built charming little summer cottages. Here, as at the other Bungalow Camps, we were able to engage in many kinds of outdoor amusement, and only left at the latest possible moment by the last motor boat which took us to the station at 12.30 p.m., where we entrained for Fort William and our trip across Lake Superior and Lake Huron. At Fort William during our four hours' stay we had the pleasure of meeting



Mr. Henry Button, the Hon. Leader of the Party, caught in a proud moment on a "trail" of his own.



Mr. Sam Latta (*right*), Education Minister for Saskatchewan, with Mr. Ball, his Deputy Minister, at Regina.

DEVIL'S GAP BUNGALOW CAMP 69

again many of the kindly, friendly people we had become acquainted with on our outward journey. One half of the party had a most interesting visit of inspection to some of the mighty grain elevators, while the others went to the Fort William Pulping and Paper Mills, a new industry, the first sod of the works of which was cut by Viscount Burnham only three years ago. Here the entire process of converting huge loads of lumber from its raw state into news-print takes place, and to-day there is an output of some forty tons per day of this product, a striking example of Canada's rapid industrial development.

The voyage across the Lakes, in the s.s. *Keewatin*, occupied forty-four hours, from noon on Saturday to 8 a.m. on the following Monday. During a considerable part of our journey we were out of sight of land entirely, but on Sunday morning we passed through the "Soo" Canal and made our only stop *en route* at Sault Ste Marie where members of the Rotary Club met the boat and very kindly conveyed passengers to church. The afternoon was beautiful though the weather was a little rough, but those of us who remained on deck had some glimpses of delightful scenery and were interested to see at certain points the Stars and Stripes waving as we entered narrow waterways, one coast of which was U.S.A. territory. The time on board passed quickly and pleasantly. On the first evening there was a very amusing mock trial of the male delinquent to whose escapade at Edmonton reference has already been made. On Sunday evening our party and many of the other passengers assembled in the lounge to hear

a fine recitation of "The Hound of Heaven" by Miss Lilian Hovey, and later we all mustered on the aft deck and joined in community singing, which included many hymns familiar to all English-speaking people. On arrival at Port McNicoll on Monday morning, we took train for Toronto and, passing through the fertile fruit and farming district of Southern Ontario, reached that city at noon (Monday, August 31st).

We were conscious of a distinct change of atmosphere, physical and mental, when we set foot in Toronto after more than a month's sojourn in the West. Ontario is very British, just as Quebec is very French and the West is neither but just itself! The East and the West in Canada are in many respects two different countries with different problems to solve—those arising in an older established and industrial province and those appertaining to newer and almost entirely agricultural districts respectively. But there was no difference in the warm welcome extended to us, in the hospitality offered to us and in the delightful programme prepared for us. By the time we reached Toronto we felt indeed our stock of suitable adjectives had become exhausted! When we had thanked our kind friends in dozens of places throughout the tour for their cordiality little remained to be said at Toronto and Montreal. I can only hope that we did not fail, through our representative speakers, to express adequately to these two cities our deep gratitude for all the kindness we received.

Toronto is a very delightful city, more finished and tidy, I think, than any of the others we visited.

The University quarter where we stayed for a week, the women at Annesley Hall, the men at Burwash Hall, is extremely pleasant with its park and wide tree-lined roads, its fine colleges and residences and its well-regulated traffic. Invitations of all kinds literally poured in upon us during our week's stay. At the reception given on the afternoon of our arrival in the Senate Chamber of the University of Toronto we were welcomed by Canon Cody (who had shepherded us from Southampton to Quebec), Dean de Lury, Dean McMurrich, Professor MacIver and other members of the University. Mr Charles acknowledged the honour shown to us by such a warm welcome and expressed his admiration and appreciation of the marvellous development of the University of Toronto and of the other Provincial Universities which we had visited in the course of our tour. After the reception we walked across to Hart House, where we had tea and where during the next few days we enjoyed much hospitality from the authorities of that beautiful building, which both in its exterior and interior reminded us of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges.

As Hart House presents some quite unusual features of interest a brief description may not be superfluous. It is so called in memory of the late Mr Hart Massey of Toronto, and on its completion in 1919, it was presented fully equipped to the University by the trustees of the Massey Foundation, to one of whom, Mr Vincent Massey, the idea of the House is entirely due. It is a Students' Union, but far more than merely that. As expressed in the Prayer of the Founders, the aim of Hart House is

that it "may serve the highest interests of this University by drawing into a common fellowship the members of the several Colleges and Faculties, and by gathering into a true society the teacher and the student, the graduate and the undergraduate ; further, that the members of Hart House may discover within its walls the true education that is to be found in good fellowship, in friendly disputation and debate, in the conversation of wise and earnest men, in music, pictures and the play, in the casual book, in sports and games and the mastery of the body. . . . Its halls may be dedicated to the task of arming youth . . . with a spirit of true religion and high endeavour." The prayer indicates the scope of Hart House, which consists of a great hall to seat over 300 ; a theatre, with a seating capacity of 450, a large library, a common room, and an athletic section, comprising two large gymnasias, a running track, and a swimming pool. In addition there are a small chapel, reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, quarters for sketching and modelling, a music-room, squash racquet courts, photographic rooms, and an indoor rifle range. The Great Hall, where we were entertained so hospitably on various occasions, is very impressive with its noble roof of carved beams, its stained glass windows and its oak panelling, the latter bearing the arms of the Royal Family and of the Universities of the world, including 51 in the British Empire. As a party of educationists, we specially appreciated the generosity of the Board of Trustees who permitted us to make Hart House our headquarters while in Toronto ; and to the Warden, Mr G. B. Bickersteth, M.A.,

M.C., we are greatly indebted for a masterly address on the work of this unique institution.

We were invited to so many functions and interesting places during our week in the "Queen City," as the Canadians call Toronto, that space only permits of a brief reference to each. The City Council gave us a luncheon at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club situated on the Island; Mr S. B. Grundy, the President of the Board of Trade, was in the chair and spoke of the necessity for co-operation among all parts of the Empire, and addresses of welcome were delivered by the Mayor and by Mrs W. E. Groves of the Board of Education, who described briefly the chief municipal and educational institutions of the city. Miss Latham and Mr Bolus responded for the guests. The former, who represents the Assistant Mistresses' Association on the Advisory Committee in London of the Overseas Education League, dealt with the value of these tours organised by the League in promoting mutual understanding and goodwill between the two countries, while the latter spoke of Toronto as "an epitome of Canadian enterprise," concluding his speech with the words, "No hospitality in Canada has exceeded in lavishness and warmth that of the graceful and gracious city of Toronto."

That same evening we were entertained to dinner at Hart House by the Council of the Toronto Teachers' Association, and this proved to be, I think, one of the most jovial entertainments of the tour. It must be admitted that when we heard eight speeches were to be made some of us looked forward to the evening with a certain amount of apprehen-

sion, prepared for a strenuous, albeit an informative time! But imagine our joy when we found that the excellent, and in some cases deeply interesting speeches, were interspersed with songs of all kinds, the singing being led by Dr Duncan McKenzie, the Director of Singing, who urged, entreated and implored the visitors to sing out and show their vocal powers to the uttermost, a request that was responded to most heartily. The chair was occupied by Dr E. A. Hardy, President of the Toronto Teachers' Councils. Four brief addresses welcoming the overseas teachers were delivered by Dr D. D. Macdonald, President of the Public School Teachers' Association; Miss Kathleen Martin, Vice-President of the Women Teachers' Association; Mr Geo. W. Keith, President of the Secondary School Teachers' Association, and by Lieut.-Col. W. C. Michell, past President of the Canadian Teachers' Federation. The Canadian speakers emphasised two points: love of the Motherland, and gratitude for the kindness shown to the Canadian soldiers while on leave in England. Col. Michell's words were most moving: "We felt during the War that England was our homeland, and when we went over there from France, we said, 'This is home.' Now you come from our Mother, and we welcome you not only as friends and fellow-teachers but as brothers and sisters." And another of our hosts exclaimed, "How can we ever repay you for the hospitality shown our 590,000 boys!"

Four speeches in reply were made on behalf of the visitors by Mr C. F. Parker, representing the Association of Assistant Masters, Miss G. A. Howell,

representing the Association of Head Mistresses, Mr T. J. Jones, representing the Association of Head Masters, and Miss E. C. Latham, representing the Association of Assistant Mistresses. Miss Howell, in a graceful speech containing apt allusions to our great English writers, referred to the warmth of welcome the visitors had received from shore to shore. She spoke of the spirit of enterprise and of high endeavour that dwelt in the Canadians and of the desire of our hosts to associate us with the development of their country. "What more inspiring thought than this could we carry back to England?" she asked.

On another occasion the Toronto Board of Education gave us a luncheon at Hart House, with the President of the Board in the chair. Short speeches of welcome were made by the Chairman, by a lady member of the Board, and by Colonel Michell. Miss Morant and Mr Charles responded for our party. Miss Morant referred to the exchange of teachers and suggested that a year's work overseas should count as pensionable service, and that some system of exchange in Secondary Schools should be inaugurated similar to the arrangement with France whereby an exchange takes place during the period of training. She spoke warmly of the advantages of such a tour as we had had, and expressed the hope that more parties of teachers might visit the Dominion. Mr Charles briefly described our present system of education.

At Toronto we had our first opportunity of seeing Canadian schools at work, for the autumn term only began in the first week in September. Our party

was divided into various sections, members visiting the type of school in which they were particularly interested and obtaining first-hand information from the principals and the assistant teachers, who were most kind in explaining their methods and ideas and the organisation of their schools. In several instances we were present at lessons, and one or two of our party, at the request of the teacher, took an active part in the teaching. I think we were all impressed by the fine school buildings, the admirable equipment and the provision in many of the secondary schools of swimming baths. We were also impressed by the fact that the Adolescent School Attendance Act of 1919 has raised the school age to sixteen and requires the part-time attendance at classes of young people between sixteen to eighteen years of age in towns with a population of over five thousand. Another educational development that greatly interested us was the Boys' and Girls' House of the Toronto Public Library, where Dr George Locke, that educational enthusiast and lover of children, told us of the remarkable work that is being done to interest young people in good literature. As we went from room to room it was delightful to see children taking books from the shelves and settling down for a quiet read, consulting the young librarians as to the choice of books, making notes in true student fashion or hurrying away home with a much-desired book held tight. Story Hours and Reading Clubs are a great feature of the work and are most helpful in giving direction to the reading of groups of children. Any one interested in this movement should read Dr Locke's article,



Awaiting the Roll-Call at Victoria.

“An Experiment Station in Education ” in the August number (1925) of the *Nineteenth Century*.

One evening was spent at the Canadian National Exhibition as guests of the exhibition authorities. This exhibition, held annually at Toronto and attended by tens of thousands of people from all over the Dominion, was remarkable this year for a great pageant representing the military strength of the British Empire which we visitors all agreed, to the delight of our Canadian friends, need not fear comparison with the spectacular displays at Wembley. One afternoon we drove round the city in motor cars placed at our disposal by the Provincial Government, and one afternoon we attended a reception at Government House given by the Governor-General of Ontario.

No account of Toronto could possibly omit a reference to “Eatons,” the great Departmental Store, an established Canadian institution and a real boon to the housewife of the West who orders everything she requires from the wonderful illustrated catalogue (“The Epistle of Timothy to the Canadians ” as it is sometimes called, the founder of this great firm having borne that name). Our party has very special reasons for remembering “Eatons,” for the present head of the firm, Mr Robert Y. Eaton, was a most kind friend to us during our visit to Toronto. He gave us a lunch in the fine Georgian Room of the Store ; he arranged for us to go through his factory with competent guides who explained things to us, and he personally conducted some of us through the various departments of the store, displaying a quite uncanny knowledge of the

details of the business and of the *personnel*. Of the evening spent at his charming country house at Port Credit on Lake Ontario, where he and Mrs Eaton had prepared a delightful programme for us, the most enjoyable item of which was our hostess's beautiful playing on the piano, we all carry away the happiest memories.

Sunday, September 6th, our last day in Toronto, was spent quietly. Breakfast at Hart House was followed by attendance at St Paul's Church, where Canon Cody preached a farewell service and bade us a personal good-bye. Most of the party lunched at the Hunt Club as guests of the I.O.D.E., a few being invited to private homes. In the afternoon the Dean of Annesley Hall, Miss Addison, invited us all to tea and later in the evening we left for Montreal.

A very pleasing feature of our last day's stay at Toronto was the presentation to Mr, Mrs and Miss Button, our admirable organiser and his delightful wife and daughter, of gifts in token of our appreciation of their services and of our affectionate regard for the trio. This event inspired Mr Stainer to compose the following lines :—

“ Who met us on the steamer's deck,
When we arrived at Old Quebec,
At the beginning of our trek ?
H. Button.

Who toiled from dawn to set of sun,
And, though his work was never done,
Was always ready for some fun ?
H. Button.

And when we part, as part we must,
Whoever is forgot, I trust
We'll all remember, till we're dust,
Dear Button."

A night's journey brought us to Montreal early in the morning of September 7th—a civic holiday—where the first sight that we observed was an extremely well-behaved labour crowd duly celebrating the annual Labour Day with flags and appropriate emblems. As the date and duration of our visit to Montreal had been quite uncertain anything in the nature of public functions was impossible; nevertheless our two days' stay there was very pleasant. It is a very interesting and very wealthy city, the largest in Canada, sharply dual in its population and its religion. The newer part contains beautiful streets, some magnificent residences, fine buildings and shops "as good as those in Bond Street" said some of our London members. We were entertained to tea at McGill and shown over the various departments of this University which, like the University of Toronto, has reached a very high standard of learning and scholarship. Some of the party climbed to the top of Mount Royal and had a fine view over the city and the River St Lawrence; some preferred to wander about and make final purchases of gifts to bring back home. For the last time we enjoyed the hospitality of the I.O.D.E., who throughout our tour had showed us the most delightful kindness and cordiality. They invited the women members of the party to a farewell luncheon at the Royal Montreal Golf Club. Mrs Hodgson, the President of the Montreal Branch,

presided, and Miss Morant and Miss R. Hovey spoke as our representatives, the latter referring to the opening of McGill University to women after considerable pioneer work on their part, and concluding with a very charming compliment to our hostesses: "Vous voir c'est désirer vous connaître; vous connaître c'est désirer vous revoir; alors au revoir."

While we were lunching at the Golf Club our confrères were being entertained at private houses, where they met some of the leading men of the city and learned much from them—so I understand—of the business and economic conditions in Canada. Dr Stevens took the opportunity, while at Montreal, to call on Mr E. W. Beatty, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and express to him personally our very sincere appreciation of all that the Company had done to ensure the success of the tour.

Early on Monday morning, September 9th, we embarked on the s.s. *Melita*, a smaller boat than the *Empress of Scotland* but no less comfortable and perhaps slightly steadier. The voyage home was very pleasant but uneventful, and I think we were all glad of a week's rest and quiet after our 6000 miles' journeying, every moment of which had been filled to overflowing. During the last seven weeks we had been absorbing so much that was new, wonderful and of great interest, that we thoroughly enjoyed these quiet days at sea in which to sort out some of our impressions. We exchanged views—(and also photographs!)—and discussed with our colleagues many of the ideas we had gathered as we



A Kettle Valley Thrill.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE TOUR 81

journeyed across the Dominion. In our brief but crowded trip we had been enabled through our very unusual opportunities of intercourse with Canadian men and women of weight—a great many of whom occupied high positions in the Government of their country—to get to know Canada in a way that would have been otherwise impossible for ordinary travellers; to understand some of her problems; and to form tentative judgments based on considerable first-hand knowledge.

Two thoughts impressed themselves vividly on my mind on this, my third visit to Canada, as they did on my previous sojourns in that country—first: admiration for the way in which Canada, and more especially Western Canada, has grappled successfully with the difficult problem of educating a scattered population containing a very large foreign element. Out of a population of 9,000,000 over 2,000,000 children and adults are “at school.” Secondly: the opportunity offered by this vast and fertile country, which could easily maintain ten times its present population, to English men and women, who are ardently desired as Canadian citizens, if the settlement question were properly tackled on both sides of the Atlantic. The time has gone by for an appeal to “Pioneers.” What is wanted is an organisation in this country which will select carefully individuals, families and groups of people suitable for settlement on the land *as a body* and not, except in rare instances, as individual units; and an organisation in Canada that will look after such settlers on arrival, and supervise and help them, not for a few months, but possibly

for two or three years. This means, of course, money, knowledge, foresight and a very real patriotism which seeks to serve the Empire by peopling its vacant and inhabitable spaces with our own stock. But this is a big subject and cannot be adequately dealt with here.

At Cherbourg, we had the pleasure of meeting Major and Mrs Ney, who accompanied us to Southampton. Major Ney, the organiser of the Overseas Education League, which has already enabled over 3500 Canadian teachers to visit Great Britain, had been prevented by illness, it will be remembered, from accompanying us on our trip, and he was delighted to hear of the great success of the tour. He told us that already he had received many enquiries from British teachers as to a second tour through the Dominion, which he hoped might be organised for next year. During our informal talk with him the wish was expressed by our party that some kind of a fellowship might be formed of all teachers who had visited Canada under the auspices of the Overseas Education League, and that, as in Canada, an annual reunion might take place in our country. We have reason to believe that this suggestion is likely to materialise and that a social gathering may take place in January 1926.

Before we reached land we despatched the following telegram to the King, whose good wishes to the party at the outset of our journey had been so deeply appreciated :—



A Romantic Scene on the Banff-Windermere Highway.

“ To LORD STAMFORDHAM,
Buckingham Palace, London.

“ The party of British teachers returning from their visit to Canada (organised by the Overseas Education League, Canada and Newfoundland Branch), beg most respectfully to inform His Majesty that the hopes, expressed in His Majesty’s most gracious telegram of July 24th, have been amply fulfilled.

“ The members of the party were received with the warmest hospitality throughout ; they have learned to realise, and in their turn will be able to make more widely known, the loyal spirit and the vast resources of Canada, and they believe that their visit will help to draw closer the ties of understanding and affection between the Motherland and the great Dominion.

“ On behalf of the British teachers,

“ (Signed) E. H. STEVENS,
“ *Westminster City School.*

s.s. *Melita*,
September 17th, 1925.”

Thus may we hope that our wonderful visit may fulfil the good wishes expressed in that gracious message with which His Majesty speeded us on our way from Southampton. May it be true, and abundantly true, that our experiences will indeed be fraught with good and far-reaching effects on ourselves, on those who come under our influence and instruction, and upon the relations of the Motherland and the great Dominion across the Atlantic.

PART II
TRAILERS' IMPRESSIONS

CANADIAN EDUCATION

BY C. L. MORANT

WHAT most strikes a visitor to Canada from the Old Country is the enthusiasm and keenness for education. Everywhere there are evidences of this. Not only are the buildings, whether schools or colleges, well built and well equipped, but there is a widespread interest in the subject, and wise plans seem to be laid for the future. Further, a large proportion of the population go to a university, and the universities themselves are in touch with the general life of the country, as is shown by their many-sidedness and their agricultural, engineering and other departments. Indeed, the rapid growth and development of some of the newer universities fill one with wonder and admiration.

It was unfortunate, though obviously unavoidable, that the British teachers should visit Canada during the vacation. The material for education, the boys and girls, could not be seen at work, and only a general idea of the schools could be gained. As I have already mentioned the schools were well built and well equipped. Obviously in the arrangement of the work there would be some differences from that in the Mother Country. The central authority seems to have more to do with the organisation of

the schools than in England, since the curriculum, and even the textbooks for the Province, are decided upon by the Board of Education, after consultation with the teachers. To those accustomed to the much freer conditions in England it would seem as if this would be likely to hamper the work. It would have been interesting to have seen the working out of this arrangement, and also the effect of the intensive study of some subjects as compared with continuous and less intensive study as in Britain.

There, too, co-education is the rule in all State schools, while it is somewhat the exception in England, and in the large towns both secondary and primary schools have many more pupils than in the Old Country, schools with one thousand pupils being the rule. In view of the recent enquiry into the training of teachers in England it was interesting to note that one year and not two years is the period for training in Canada.

In some of the eastern provinces the education is very much in the hands of religious bodies. The difficulty as to the rate-aided denominational schools is met by an arrangement that the rates can be earmarked by the ratepayer for a special denomination. In the State schools, while the schools open with prayer and reading from Scripture, no religious teaching is given, but in some provinces denominational teaching may be given in school after school hours, and in Saskatchewan during the first hour of the morning by teachers or outside authorised persons.

Such are some of the external differences that

strike a visitor from Great Britain. The difficulties that Canada have to face are obviously very different from that of an older country. She is meeting them with wisdom and foresight. True citizenship is not easy to teach in a school made up of many nationalities, yet Canada seems to be solving the problem, and the schools are turning out loyal Canadians, and are doing much to help to weld into one nation the many foreign elements. Then, too, there are the great, wide spaces with the scattered population, where only very small schools are possible. To manage a school of twenty or fewer children of all ages can be no sinecure. But schools are being built in these country districts, often with "teacherages," and if the children are too far away even to come to school there is a system of correspondence classes which partially solves the problem.

The rapid growth of population is another difficulty, and also the fact that many of the women teachers teach for only about two years or so as they leave to marry. It is probably partly on this account that the curriculum and textbooks are determined by the central authority in order to ensure some continuity in the teaching.

Since the Indians are now given "reserves" in which to live, their children have to be educated in separate schools. Most of the Indian schools have been started as mission schools by various religious denominations. These are now aided by the State. To one very interesting school near Edmonton there is a large farm attached. There the boys learn farming and the girls housecraft in addition to the

ordinary curriculum. The principal of this school considers the segregation of Indians necessary at present, but he thinks that ultimately when they have been better educated, both morally and intellectually, they will intermarry with Canadians, and become merged in the ordinary population.

The problem of delicate town children from the poorer districts is found in Canada as well as in the home country. In Toronto the forest school is an interesting experiment. Trams take the children from their homes to the forest in "High Park," a public park with woods near Toronto. A large hall, open on all sides, is used for the children's meals, and for lessons on wet days. There are cots where they sleep at midday in the open forest and meals are provided. The improvement in health is very marked. Unfortunately the children have to attend the ordinary schools during the winter.

Much more use seems to be made of public libraries as a means of education than in England. The children's library in Toronto is perhaps unique and is doing a most wonderful and fascinating work, and the public library at Regina, from which books are posted to all parts of the province of Saskatchewan, is doing much for adult education.

As in England, side by side with the State system of education, there are a certain number of private schools. These are mainly for girls, but at Brentwood, near Victoria, there is an interesting new school for boys. It is a proprietary school run somewhat on the lines of an English public school. The Mayor of a prairie town said that Canada was much in need of schools of this type for boys, and

thought that if English masters would start such schools in Canada they would be a success. There seems also an opening for girls' schools run on good and modern lines. But whatever new developments there may be the real zest for education and the popular belief in it in Canada argue well for the future.

CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES

By G. E. S. COXHEAD

IN Canada democracy has reached an advanced stage of development—the people *are* the State—with the result that their institutions seem to belong more directly to the rank and file than they do in many older countries in Europe. Thus, when Canadians say that the schools are their schools, they do so in a very real sense. All their young people have the right to use them if they wish. Not only is primary education free, but usually secondary education as well, and though the universities are not entirely without fees, these are so low that they act as a deterrent to very few, if to any. By way of corollary, schools and universities alike must do what the people want them to do: they may direct practice, but they rarely initiate policy.

Now, the Canadians are a very practical people, with an intense desire to get on, and to get on quickly. Education is directed, therefore, very single-mindedly towards this end. School and university must help the young Canadian to succeed in life, with the result that the vocational bias in their whole system seems much more marked than it is in England. It is not accidental that the motto of the universities is the word "Service." And that

service is not to be so much knowledge for knowledge sake, as knowledge applied to the furthering of a career.

Since almost every one in Canada agrees that education can render real practical help, every one seems prepared to spend money to obtain it. Thus it is again not accidental that in Central and Western Canada the schools are often the most striking buildings in the "cities" and villages, while the universities have developed into palaces. Except in the case of the two older universities of McGill and Laval, these institutions are run by the State. It is the State that has provided them with their splendid sites and in one way or another with the requisite funds, always on the condition that they shall carry out what the State wants. The authorities of many of our own local universities must envy the broad acres and commanding position of universities like those of British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, the buildings of which are second to none in the country except the Parliament Buildings.

The history of their growth is like a tale from the *Arabian Nights*. One looks to find the magic lamp which those wonder builders must have rubbed. It does not lessen the interest to discover that, apart from the devoted service the universities have throughout received, the sole magic consists in the intense conviction of a united people that education can and must subserve the purposes of practical life. It is not surprising to see, therefore, that their equipment, especially their technical equipment, is of the very best. The instant they think that any of it is out of date they do not hesitate to scrap it and

entirely replace it, as is happening at this moment in more universities than one. Similarly, it is not surprising to discover that the experimental researches conducted by them are generally of the most intensely practical nature. Directly or indirectly, they run experimental farms, agricultural colleges and the like, the chief work of which seems to be to ascertain what agricultural products are most suitable to given areas and what methods the farmer should employ to get the best results out of them under his local conditions. The mass of specialised information that is continually accumulated is at the disposal of every one who wants it and even who does not want it. Information is supplied to the most remote farms. If a Canadian agriculturalist is behind the times the fault is entirely his own.

The universities, moreover, are helped in the disseminating of their information by the fact that so high a (relative) proportion of the people pass through them. That result might be expected from the mere existence of free secondary education for all, since a fair percentage of those who have reached the threshold of manhood with a definite aim in view are naturally desirous of testing and enlarging what they have previously learnt by themselves assisting, where possible, in the practical and experimental work conducted by the universities. Where a few years ago the universities might have, at most, a couple of hundred students they have to-day a couple of thousand, and look like having to-morrow double the number. In the grounds of the University of Alberta there stands a small wooden structure which is pointed out to the visitor



Exterior of Hart House : the Party's Headquarters at Toronto.

with pride as being the total university buildings of a quarter century ago. It has been moved from its original and cramped site, and re-erected without alteration of any sort in a position in those spacious grounds, the intention being that it shall not fail to remind each rising generation of the small beginnings and stupendous growth of the university system. It plays, therefore, no unimportant part as an incentive to the still greater growth which Canadian universities firmly believe they have before them.

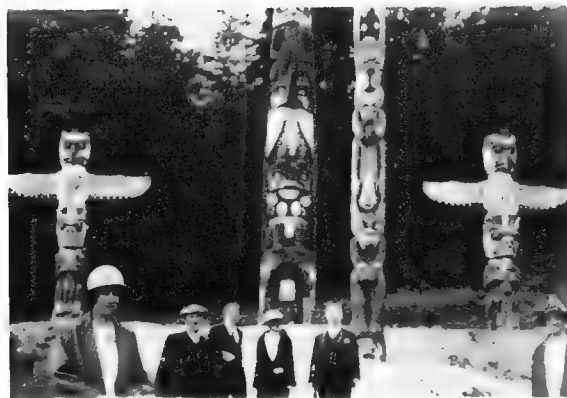
There are, of course, always two sides to every shield. The closer the connection with the State the less free on the whole the university authorities must be. It would be difficult for them, I imagine, to strike out any really original line whatever. Also, the political element may be, as we were occasionally told, too strongly in evidence. It is conceivable that a party might endeavour to direct university influence over young minds in a party direction, but of such drawbacks as these, if they exist, I have no qualification to speak. Certainly the independent universities display no craving for the control of the State.

If these impressions are correct, they afford an explanation as to why the standard of abstract intellectual attainment is not as high in Canadian universities as in English, and why their examinations are, generally speaking, considerably easier. I do not think they regret that. They appear rather to be content with the feeling that they are getting out of the universities what they want, and that within the limits of that want there is plenty for

the universities to do, and splendidly they are often doing it. The school of medicine at McGill is second to none in America. On the whole, then, the more practical aims claim the bulk of Canadian university effort. Once they are more fully attained there will be greater leisure for those more abstract goals, the intellectual and the artistic. By thousands, of course, these are valued, and highly valued ; there exists a deep and widespread craving for culture, but for the majority small leisure as yet for its attainment. That limits the spread of the progress the universities are prepared to make in this respect. The brush follows the plough.



Visiting a typical Bungalow Camp.



Beneath the Totem Poles at Vancouver.

TEACHING OF HOMECRAFT

BY RUTH BINNIE

THE teaching of Household Science has a definite place in the school curriculum in most of the Provinces of Canada, and it is usually taught in both the elementary and secondary schools. In the same way that the ordinary educational system may differ slightly in the various Provinces, so the treatment of the special subjects is varied. Nevertheless, as the party visited schools in practically every Province, one point was noteworthy throughout, namely, the size of the rooms allotted to these subjects and their excellent equipment.

In the cookery rooms space is allowed for individual work, and each girl is provided with a drawer and cupboard under her table in which all utensils for her use are stored. On the table in front of her is an electric hot plate or gas ring. The ovens are placed at the end of the room. The rooms in most cases are large and equipped for twenty to twenty-four girls and ample store-room and sink space are provided.

It was not until Toronto was reached, however, that I, as a Household Science teacher, had any opportunity of visiting the schools in action, and thus learning something of the teaching given. In

the elementary schools throughout this city I found that cooking and needlework are the two chief subjects taught, about two-thirds of each school year being devoted to cookery and the remainder to needlework, which includes simple dressmaking and use of the sewing machine. Laundry-work and housewifery are not universally taught, and any teaching given is incidental and confined to adequate cleaning up after cooking is finished, laying of tables and the clearing away after meals. The girls attend these classes from the age of ten years, the teacher having two classes in the morning, each of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours duration, and one 2-hours class in the afternoon. Cooking is taught on the meal basis rather than individual dishes, and the syllabus includes the preservation of fruits and vegetables, as well as the cooking of ordinary foods. The food cooked is bought for lunch by the girls attending the class or by members of the staff.

In Canada, where the servant difficulty is acute and maids are scarce and expensive, it is essential that every girl should receive practical household training, since it falls to the lot of many women to do their own work. Fortunately, the Canadian home is so constructed that work is made easy, and in many places electricity is so cheap that, even when it is used for lighting, heating, cooking, central heating, and for working such labour-saving devices as washing machines, vacuum cleaners and irons, the cost is not more than five dollars (about £1) per month. Polished hard wood floors, basins with hot and cold water in bedrooms, kitchens arranged to reduce walking, all combine to lessen labour. In

addition to the general routine work, the laundry is often done at home in the cellar, which is well-equipped for the purpose, and in many homes soiled linen is sent to the cellar by a shute from the bathroom.

During the hot weather much time is spent on the verandahs, with which practically every house is generously supplied. These verandahs are used as "sleeping parlours" on the bedroom floor, and downstairs take the place of sitting-rooms. An organised system of ice delivery places the ice chest in daily use for perishable foods, gives opportunity for making ice cream (no one can surpass the Canadian at this!) and provides iced water at all times.

The life of the Canadian housewife is by no means all work and no play. She seems to have more freedom from domestic worries than her English sister. A marked characteristic is the readiness to entertain. All our party, I think, have most pleasant and grateful memories of the hospitality extended to us at private houses throughout Canada.

OUR CANADIAN FRIENDS

BY ROSA HOVEY

A SCULPTOR might symbolise Canada by means of Francis Thompson's "intertwining charities," or he might choose the two graces, Faith and Love. For their ephemeral sister, Hope, Canada has no place. She is nothing if not confident, and small wonder, for is she not above all others the country of growth, and already she may claim to be, as Hart House reminds us, "the puissant nation, as an eagle mewing her mighty youth." Here Nature is indeed the fairy godmother. The limitless power in magnificent river, lake and ocean, in unending sweep of stately forest or corn-covered prairie, in range after range of glorious mountains, cannot fail to inspire the people of this vast country with the sense of a great vocation, and spur them on to yet more constant effort and nobler aim.

This grandeur in Nature, too, has given "more power to the arm" of the people of Canada, and stimulated them to undertake schemes which seem to us in the Old Country quite out of proportion to the smallness of the population. One sees evidence of this in the number and magnificence of the Government Buildings and Universities, the high-ways by road and water, and, above all, the rail-



Buffalo amidst the Banff Mountains.

roads, exemplified by the Canadian Pacific and other systems, which in their daring skill sometimes leave the traveller breathless with excitement, and astounded at his own safety. The Canada of the future will realise that the men and women of her early days were pioneers not only of energy and resource, but of a generous and far-seeing outlook, toiling not for themselves, but for generations to come.

Canada is intensely grateful to the Motherland for the hospitality given to all Canadians, especially in our homes and in London, during the war—a hospitality still continued, they tell us, to their teachers and others who visit us. The type of young Englishman now going out is generally a credit to us and to his new country, and the cry everywhere is—"Send us more! We stand on guard for Canada; we love our King and Homeland; we wish to remain now and for ever British. We can, and do, assimilate immigrants from most of the nations in Europe, who in the second generation become law-abiding, English-speaking citizens, but the strongest ties in heart and aim and blood are British!" In the Province of Quebec, where French is more commonly spoken than English, the loyalty to Britain was none the less clearly expressed both in public and in private, while at Toronto, Colonel Michell spoke in touching terms of Britain's generosity and hospitality, and attributed the great qualities of Canada to the example of the Motherland.

Pride, then, among the Canadians is entirely selfless. It is a pride in the size and resources of the

Dominion, in its scenery, in their own work of all kinds, in their systems of government and education, in the rapid advance made in Canada as a whole, especially in each man's Province, and most of all in his own town. Work of all kinds is honourable, and a very large proportion of university students earn enough money in the holiday to pay their fees. The belief in the value of education is one of the most marked characteristics of the Canadian. He counts all time and money well spent that is devoted to its service.

Sometimes a settler feels the spell of the Old Country too strong to resist and goes "home," but invariably he returns, drawn back again by the life which offers so much greater freedom from convention, more universal friendliness, more opportunities for initiative. He has no patience with the shirker and the methods of "ca' canny." He believes in hard work for himself and every one else. Life is strenuous, but this faith in his country and himself prevents the Canadian from becoming too serious. Perhaps he might with advantage indulge more in games, but his cheeriness, both of word and manner, is very refreshing, whatever the day and whatever the work. As the student-song reminds us, he "should smile." His fondness for music and song is a noteworthy characteristic, and the French Canadian particularly has a charm of manner recalling "la douce France."

Like all "young things" Canada feels the need for appreciation from others, and the expression of that appreciation, and she deserves it. She, on her part, offers the warmest welcome to all from the

Homeland. Her hospitality it would be impossible to surpass ; it is indeed the right hand of fellowship that is offered ; and time, and thought, and delicate courtesies of all kinds are lavishly bestowed. Conspicuous examples of a broad mind and great soul to-day are to be found, on the religious side, in the union of the Methodist, Congregational, and most of the Presbyterian Churches to form the United Church of Canada, and, on the social side, in the considerate and generous treatment of the Indians as a race, and as a part of the body politic.

The welfare of both the community and the individual receives the most careful and generous attention of the Canadians. This is due partly to the general realisation of the value of the best human material in a sparsely populated and rapidly developing community, but more to the generous spirit which sees in the human being the greatest work of the Creator, and wishes to give every possible opportunity for its highest expression. It would appear that the women of Canada have had their full share in this result, whether we consider the record of the early settlers, such as the women of Red River, or the work of the women of to-day, such as the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, as they welcome a wandering company of British teachers, or as they care for the children and the sick in the erection of hospitals and management of holidays camp, or as they and the Y.W.C.A. meet the women and children immigrants, and offer them all kinds of practical help. If we criticise at all it would be to say that women are too much in the background.

Just now the Old World is weary. She has not recovered yet—will she ever do so?—from the staggering shock of opposing forces, accentuated by the great war, military, industrial, social and spiritual. All these Canada has felt in a comparatively lesser degree, and it is refreshing beyond measure to breathe the purer, free air of youth in the great Northland that has the Open Sea at her gates both East and West.

BLOWING THE TRUMPET

BY A. H. GODWIN

"THEY stalked through Canada like a perambulating note of interrogation." So I was told by some one who had much to do with the tour, and the compliment, for that it was certainly intended to be, was just. The party did make their pilgrimage a crusade of inquiry. Everything had to be seen, every claim had to be sifted, and every statement had to be probed. Early in the tour, I had been cordially adopted, a modest and lonely scribe, into the "family." I was told that there was an educational kinship between my own and the scholastic profession. Loyalty to the family interest, nevertheless, will never deter me from being a faithful witness to truth, and the fact remains that my phrase-spinning friend was perfectly right. The torrent of questions paled only before one mightier torrent—Niagara.

The Canadians seemed rather to like these intensive cross-examinations. They faced the ordeal, not merely unconquered and scathless, but with the satisfying sense of "pro patriâ." They were rendering service to what appeared to be uncommonly like a national slogan. For, if the truth must be told, there was a word that tracked us from

the Atlantic to the Pacific. That word was—"boost"! Little Canadians must learn to lisp the word in their cradles—and then practise the precept down to the grave. We met the booster everywhere. "Canada" was his theme, and he sang it at all times and places, though never in any blatant or arrogant key. The Canadians, whatever they are, are not a boastful people. They state the facts, they state them quietly, they state them unceasingly. They state them also with a sincerity that cannot be challenged.

And why not? Why should they not "Boost Canada"? Why should they not proclaim it—as one of our good friends, an intense Canadian, confessed he was doing—with "the trumpet to the lips"? Why should *we* conceal that passionate converts to the same ideal came back on the *Melita*? Canada deserves all the advertisement she can possibly get. She *is* a land worth talking about, a land worth being mightily proud of, even if she is still only in the seed-time of her destiny. Nine million souls—a sixth of them collected in two Eastern cities—populate a country virtually the same size as Europe. Learn of all her immeasurable wealth, the abundance of her opportunity, and this scantiness of population has an element of tragedy. Look forward, on the other hand, to the centuries still to be—to the times when those great spaces are peopled, when those immense wheatfields become a carpet of harvest gold almost a thousand miles square, when those mineral lands will be yielding infinitely more than the legendary treasures of Asia, when those illimitable forests will provide all the wood

and the paper-pulp that the world can possibly need, and when all the merchant shipping from the seven seas could muster within her wonderful natural harbours at one time, and would do now if there was only the trade—look forward to all this, and one sees that Canada, the Land of the Future, is verily a diadem in the crown of the Empire.

Nothing in Canada, I think, was more romantic in its own way than that thin ribbon of iron which we saw stretching from coast to coast, and on which we made our long journey. Somehow it reminded me of the old story of the magical wand and the sleeping beauty. Exactly forty years ago a band of pioneers achieved one of the greatest engineering feats ever attempted. They cut through the rocks and swamps around the shores of Lake Superior; they laid a trail across the empty prairie plains; they pierced a way over the Rockies; they hewed a path around the snow-capped peaks; they penetrated valleys that had never echoed to the voice of man; they raised bridges over frowning chasms and the very tops of lonely pines; they crept along perilous ledges on the mountain sides; and by dizzy gradients and whirling loops at last they reached the Pacific. It was a Herculean task, a task which faith alone could sustain, and it founded that first trans-continental pathway we know as the Canadian Pacific Railway. For the first time Eastern and Western Canada were linked together, a new trade route was opened, settlers began to trickle in, and a dormant land awoke.

Winnipeg in those days was a place of wooden shacks and a few hundred people. To-day it has

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200,000 inhabitants, and the city is the Metropolis of the Canadian West, a market-place for a wheat-field as long, incredible as it seems, as a line drawn from London to the south of Italy. This is one illustration of what that magic iron wand has accomplished. Another is the thriving activity of the prairie provinces. Without the C.P.R., which first brings in the settler, and then carries his produce away, those boundless acres could never have come under the plough. Some ingenious statistician has worked it out that, if all the grain transported from Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba in three months by that system alone were converted into loaves, those loaves would make a rampart twelve feet high right across the Dominion. That, to be sure, sounds impressive. And yet the development of this amazing granary has hardly begun.

Canada, alone of the wheat-producing countries of the world, is increasing the area of land under cultivation, and reporting, taking good seasons with bad, a constant growth in the average crop. And yet she has touched merely the fringe of her potential productive capacity. Saskatchewan, for instance, has so far turned to use only one-third of her cultivable land, Alberta only a sixth, and Manitoba only a ninth, and all this in spite of the fact that the area under cultivation has been more than doubled since 1910. Conservative official estimates indicate that these three provinces have 200,000,000 acres of land suitable for raising the finest of crops, and no less than 165,000,000 acres of this fertile territory, much of it within easy access of the railways, is still virgin soil waiting for fresh drafts of hardy workers



Hart House, Toronto : A View of its beautiful Common Hall.

from the Old Country. They say that each recruit to the land makes an opening somewhere for one industrial immigrant.

Eight weeks away from home, and weeks so full of adventures and interesting sights, left our minds a seething maze of impressions. I suppose our outstanding thought, apart from the immensity of that wonderful land, was that of the splendid alertness, the sturdy self-reliance, of those cheery, great-hearted people. Good it was, indeed, for us to come into contact with those freer conditions, to be endowed with the optimism which is a part of their nature, and to take a breath from a life that is so eager and buoyant. In a sense the trip made us all younger. Coming, as we did, as the children who have clung over-much to the maternal apron-strings, we were meeting those other children who had left the old home, strode out into the world, and carved their fortunes in the distant places. In itself it was invigorating to be in touch with those more adventurous spirits. I recall an occasion when, in our presence, an old municipal employee came up to the Mayor of a well-known place, put a hand on his shoulder, and addressed him as "George." Later on a good friend, anxious to introduce me, hailed some one (the name here is fictitious) as "Harry." "Harry" turned out to be the Prime Minister of a Province larger than France and Germany. All of us knew one most genial soul as "Sam." Now, all this easy informality, which was a little unusual to us to begin with, had a certain deeper significance. It meant brotherliness, the brotherliness that *is* Canada, the brotherliness that unites in such filial

affection towards the old Mother of Nations over the ocean, the brotherliness that is renewing the youth of the British name throughout the Empire.

“We Canadians often speak with the trumpet to our lips.” Why not ? I do know that we had a little cargo of those imaginary trumpets on our homeward trip, and I warrant they are being sounded now from Keswick to Plymouth, from the Hartlepoons to Haverfordwest !

HISTORIC QUEBEC

BY C. IRENE FYSON

SHALL we ever forget the 1st of August, when, after weeks of anticipation and a week's ocean voyage, we set foot at last on Canadian soil in the quaint old city of Quebec ? From the steamer we had seen its steep cliffs and high rocks, with the Château Frontenac towering above everything else, and we all knew something about its history. But it was not until we had wandered through the streets, been driven round the city, seen some of the chief monuments, and talked to some of the people, that we realised how skilfully Quebec has blended new and old, French and English, and made it all—Canadian !

Quebec is a city of contrasts, and yet nothing seems incongruous. For instance, side by side on the left bank of the St Lawrence, there stand the ancient citadel and the most modern of hotels, the Château Frontenac. And, whereas the hotel, by its site, its shape and its name, sent one's thoughts back into the annals of the past, the fortress brought one face to face with the problems of modern life, for its garrison had been sent to a strike area ! In one street stood a row of picturesque, old-fashioned vehicles called *calèches*, looking like perambulators

on two high wheels, each pulled by a well-groomed horse ; while, coming down the next street was a most up-to-date sight-seeing street-car with seats going up like steps, the highest at the back, and with the inevitable guide shouting through his megaphone : " The building on your left, ladies and gentlemen, is . . ." Outside the fort one can wander at will through a treeless wilderness of earthworks where masses of wild asters, succory, vetches and golden rod are growing in profusion, but one has only to cross a road to find oneself in the beautifully-kept grounds of the Parliament Buildings, where there are living specimens of every hardwood tree of Canada, and where the bright flower-beds of heliotrope and begonias look as if they had never seen a weed.

The people of Quebec will never forget the names of Cartier, who found it when it was only an Indian village in 1535 ; of Champlain, who made it the capital of New France in 1608 ; of Frontenac, who told the would-be English capturers in 1690 that he would answer them from the mouths of his cannon ; and of Montcalm, who died in its defence in 1759. But the battlefields have been turned into Battlefields Park, and the words " Je m'en souviens " have been written in flowers, while the names of Wolfe and Montcalm are to be seen on the same monument. For Quebec has solved her race-language-religion problem, and the French-Canadian and the English-Canadian keep their own languages, manage their own schools, follow their own religion, and vie with one another in loyalty to the great Empire to which they belong. At Quebec

we heard delightful mixtures of French and English, sometimes in the same speech; joined in the choruses of French-Canadian songs; and united in the hearty singing of "God save the King." One French-Canadian told us he had "two Old Countries," one the home of his ancestors; the other the home of his Government. A Daughter of the Empire, whom we met at Quebec, said, "We welcome you from the Old Country because you were so good to our men when they went over to fight in the war"—a reminder of the ties that bind the Old Land to the Overseas Dominions.

We have gazed up and down the St Lawrence from the mile-long bridge whose central span is the longest in the world; we have seen the source of Quebec's electric power in the Falls of Montmorency; we have seen the city itself in fine weather and in rain, by day and by night, from the land and from the water. It gave us our first welcome to Canada, and we sent it our last good-byes. But we have yet to see it when it needs its double windows, when the icebergs are in the river, when the hard snow is up to the level of the street-lamps, and the social life of the city is at its zenith. Then perhaps we shall appreciate the statement: "*Qui n'a pas vu Quebec en hiver n'a rien vu!*"

THE EASTERN CITIES

BY FRED CHARLES

A CITY makes different impressions on different people ; it makes different impressions on the same person at different times ; and time dims and sometimes distorts the impressions made. These impressions, then, cannot be those of the party of British teachers who visited Canada ; they may be approved by some of the party, but contrary to the opinions of others.

There can, however, be no two opinions as to the first impression of Ottawa. It is a beautiful city of beautiful buildings. The traveller arrives at an airy, light railway station ; there is ample space ; there is traffic enough to give a comfortable feeling of bustle. Outside the station is a wide street, on the opposite side of it the beautiful Château Laurier, and across Connaught Square are the Parliament Buildings. The mace, presented by London, and parts of the interior, suggest home. The central pillar, symbolic of the Empire rising from the waves, leaves an impression never to be effaced of the greatness of the Empire, and its unity and strength. The building, however, whose picture is clearest in my mind is the library, for its shape and the richness of its decorations make it stand out alone.

Ottawa has its water-power and its industries—lumbering, sawmills, pulp—but there is no sign of the sordid side of industrial life, no poverty is apparent, and slums do not exist. There is an atmosphere of ease and prosperity; administration is more in evidence than commerce or industry; and this perhaps is why, in Ottawa, one's thoughts turn naturally, without direction or intention, to The Hague. Ottawa has yet another charm. Nature has endowed it with water and luxuriant vegetation. A lovely driveway leads to the experimental farm where are practically every tree, fruit and flower that will grow in that latitude, and all are so arranged and labelled that the visitor—the farm is a popular holiday resort—can see and recognise them.

Toronto is a delightful city. It is a city of industry and commerce; it is business-like and efficient; it is prosperous; and it has an atmosphere of culture and happiness. All this is borne in upon one in an incredibly short time, but consideration, after a few days' experience, suggests no change. The inhabitants are obviously busy. Some streets might well be described as hives of industry. A casual glance into the Stock Exchange, for instance, is enough to convince one of the alertness of the Torontonian, and the telephone system there shows that his equipment is thoroughly up to date. His prosperity none can doubt. Of that the beautiful homes, the luxurious clubs, the abundance of cars, the yachts and the shops are the surest signs.

In the centre of the city is the University area, with open spaces, well-kept lawns, modern well-equipped buildings, and surely the completest gift

the world has seen for the centre of the social and athletic life of the students. Hart House, indeed, is a fitting subject not for a sentence but for a book. It was the gift of a Toronto man of business. These Toronto men of business have ideals as well as the power to succeed. The humanity of that huge organisation, Timothy Eaton & Co., Ltd., impressed me immensely.

Yet one other impression of Toronto. It holds each year a Canadian National Exhibition. The whole Exhibition was impressive. Each day had a speciality—warriors' day, Young Canada's day and so on—and the exhibits were varied and wonderfully good. But the most lasting impression was the remarkable enthusiasm, the wonderful loyalty to the Empire, shown in the grandstand spectacle, this year entitled "Ties that Bind." The background was St Paul's, and to it came bands representing England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, India, Canada and Australia. The theme—One King, One Country, One Flag.

Montreal was unfortunate. It was the last city of the trip, the party had been for a week at Toronto, and thoughts were turning to home. It is a city that suggests solid business. It has a financial quarter of spacious, handsome buildings, some of them literally marble halls. Along the river the locks and wharves are evidence of interests wider than Canadian. The most beautiful homes—an admirable Canadian phrase—are on the higher ground on the slopes of Mount Royal. A pleasant memory lingers of a walk, over a short stretch of grass, up a thickly-wooded slope of rough, broken



Dr Parmelee, Deputy Education Minister
for Quebec Province



Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of
Manitoba Province.

ground to the top of Mount Royal. From the top and from Observation Point could be seen at one's feet the city, in it an unexpected number of tree-clad parks, and in the distance, even as Cartier saw them, the mountains in the United States, the Adirondacks and the mountains of Vermont.

Montreal, however, is a commercial centre and its men are business men. They face facts with characteristic directness, and their visitors faced facts with them. Canada needs men, "white" men, able and willing to work, men with grit, of the stuff that pioneers are made of. She is not willing to take men at the home valuation. She will try them and prove them, and if they prove chips of the old block, their future is assured. Given adaptability, initiative, character—then Canada is a Land of Opportunity.

WITH THE NICKEL SMELTERS

BY J. HOWARD BROWN

SUDBURY followed our visit to French River. The contrast is violent, no less than from virgin forest to veritable desert, and that desert the work of man. For into the air pour out the sulphurous fumes of the nickel smelters, dealing death to all plant life within a range of two or three miles, and in the midst of the barren wilderness so created is the collection of shanties which forms the town of Copper Cliff. The visit, which had not formed part of the original programme, was arranged almost at a moment's notice, and the party braved the heat and glare, the fumes and dust to see what cannot be seen elsewhere. For Canada produces three-quarters of the annual supply of nickel, some 31,000 tons; the record year (1918) produced 41,000 tons, but the decisions of the Disarmament Conference led to a smaller demand for nickel-steel for armour plate, and a consequent drop in production.

At the end of a journey by tram of some five miles from Sudbury, the latter part through the naked, rain-furrowed country and frowning slag-heaps with which man returns thanks to Mother Earth for the treasure he wins from her, we were hospitably welcomed by the officials of the company, who

guided us in small parties through the works, explaining the various processes as we went. First, the ore in trucks, just as it arrives—dull greenish lumps, without beauty or distinction, but containing both copper and nickel, though only about 2 per cent. of each. This ore is a variety of iron pyrites, mainly iron and sulphur, and the separation of the more valuable metals from so much iron forms one of the principal difficulties in the smelting—one would almost have thought that it could not be worth while to smelt two million tons of ore to get so little metal.

Then came the blast furnaces, eight of them in a row, the business of which it is to produce a “matte” correspondingly rich in metals from the separation of most of the rubbish in the ore as an easily fusible slag. Our last glimpse of the place from the departing tram in the gathering dusk was a train of slag trucks emptying their contents, the red-hot molten material solidifying as it slowly flowed down the embankment, a most impressive sight. These furnaces are much shorter than those used for iron, and take the coarse ore only, the fine ore being carried out by the blast; for this a special reverberatory furnace is required. Half-way up a furnace we watched the monster being fed with ore and coke in alternate layers, looking down into the raging inferno beneath; then descending, we watched the glowing molten “matte” running out into a train of immense basin-like trucks waiting below to receive it. Nothing so illustrates man’s control over the forces of Nature as this handling of large masses of melted metal, without fuss and without

mishap. The "matte" next goes to the "converters," the chief object of which is to remove most of the iron: this is absorbed by the siliceous lining of the converter which combines with the iron to form another slag. The converter is a huge pear-shaped vessel, out of whose open mouth come sheets of flame and showers of sparks as the sulphur burns off in the air forced through the molten contents.

Choked with fumes, blinded by the glare, and faint with the heat, most of the party were for returning at once; but to have done that would have been to miss the chief sight of all—a real oasis in this desert, the Club House of the International Nickel Company's workers at Copper Cliff. Here, where somehow grass and flowers have been persuaded to grow, the whole community meets from time to time for recreation, and here we were most hospitably entertained to tea (which turned out to be coffee!). We returned to our train in possession of a unique experience and a pocketful of specimens.

WINNIPEG'S WELCOME

BY CHARLES F. PARKER

OUR reception by the good people of Winnipeg was as warm as it was impressive. Shortly after our arrival early on the 7th of August, we were received by Dr Fletcher, the Deputy Minister of Education, and other city officials, together with a representative body of our professional colleagues, all of whom were anxious that we should enjoy the fulness of a well-organised visit of inspection in ease and comfort.

Leading us through subways, we found ourselves once more surrounded by the constructive beauty of another C.P.R. Hotel, the Royal Alexandra, and, in passing, one may here congratulate this famous company upon its unity of design, and the thoroughness of its organisation, for in much less time than it usually takes to negotiate accommodation during a busy season at many of our London palaces, we were conducted to our rooms, the completeness of which, in every possible detail, was unique.

Moreover, it should be remembered that this was our first over-night halt since leaving the *Empress of Scotland* at Quebec, and, comfortable as the train was to us all, it cannot be denied that the possibility of sleeping (and bathing) under such conditions was

inspiring. Our minds thus at ease, and resolutions having been made to retire early, we were introduced to the Winnipeg members of one of Canada's most useful organisations, the Kiwanis Club, in whose private cars we commenced a tour of the city, visiting the Kildonion Natural Park, beautiful in the sunshine, and at luncheon there listened to a striking speech by His Worship, the Mayor.

After this, we were motored a distance of fifteen miles to Fort Garry, famous in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. What a scene! What recollections it gave us of the adventures of famous men, and how beautiful to think that, having fulfilled its purpose, it can now offer us peace, hospitality, and quietude!

The driver of our car had evidently determined that distances should not prevent our seeing as much as modern science in motor engineering would permit. We were taken to see the botanical collections of tropical and other plants; the headquarters of the Royal West Mounted Police, and the Manitoba University Buildings. We enjoyed a moving panorama of Canadian scenery, covering in all a distance of 104 miles.

The precision of an educational life was made manifest as the party assembled in the hall next morning for the roll-call by the indefatigable Mr Button, without whom we might easily have become unmanageable, because our programme had not included the surprise visit of the Hudson's Bay Company's cars, to take us to breakfast at their extensive premises. Someone must be first, says the cynic, but it is so very true of Canadian hospi-

tality, and we thoroughly enjoyed this hospitality, and the opportunity of seeing the relics of bygone days, when "fighting for furs" seemed to occupy so much time and energy. However, out of these emblems of immortality there has grown up an institution worthy of its great name in history, and we are grateful for the educational value of our experiences there.

Later, we visited the Manitoba Agricultural College, where we were given opportunities for investigating the various departments of learning. The equipment of this noble and important institution, the arrangement of its acreage into sectional study plots, its dairy, its cattle and its museum, form a most complete unit of culture; and the Minister of Education, the Hon. Charles Cannon, who addressed us at the luncheon, may well feel proud.

In the afternoon we had the honour of attending a reception given at Government House by the Lieut.-Governor, Sir James Atkins, and Lady Atkins, who were supported by numerous representative citizens. Not the least interesting function at this gathering was the presentation of the Imperial Service Medal to a veteran who has given forty years' continuous service as lighthouse-keeper on Red River.

Sunday was observed at St Luke's Church, where the preacher was our good friend of the Overseas Education League, the Primate of All Canada, Archbishop Matheson. Afterwards private residents entertained us to lunch.

Canada's young and sturdy Manitobian city, its people and its institutions, thrilled us one and all.

We have actually trodden the very soil upon which there was once enacted, and not very long ago, scenes of barbaric warfare, but which is to-day a prosperous city of immense buildings. What has been accomplished has been brought about, primarily, by men who, in their desire to associate themselves with the great task of Empire building, have recognised their obligations to the public interest. They have realised, too, that their success as administrators in the British Empire depends largely upon the hearty co-operation of those whose duty it is to inculcate an irrepressible love of England.

So shall we prosper in proportion as we make our appeal along these lines.



"The Law" on Lake Superior.



Two Helpful Friends : Messrs. Essex and Thomas.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF THE PRAIRIE

BY M. A. TOWNLEY

As we travelled westward towards Regina we caught our first glimpse of the prairie. From the first the flat, hedgeless landscape, with its vast stretches of golden wheat swept with everchanging lights and shades, had gripped us, but when with the waning day the clouds lightened in the western sky and sunset lights lay on the prairie we felt we were in an enchanted land. A glorious sunset, touching all nature with vividness as well as delicacy of colour, bathed the prairie in delicious radiance, as if the shadows of many rainbows were passing over it. Every variety of tone and colour lay tenderly on sky and earth. The lights merged, changed, intensified. The ruddy, flaming gold faded to yellow, and from yellow to primrose ; the rose-red clouds which had seemed to be turning gently westward to catch the last rays of sunshine, lost their colour ; a soft haze of blue-grey fell softly upon the land, deepened to an exquisite purple, and passed into a misty twilight and the deep blue-black shadows of night. Another day had died.

Through the night our train moved on, and early the next morning, the 10th of August, it drew up

126 FIRST GLIMPSES OF THE PRAIRIE

at Regina, a city that has sprung up and developed marvellously during the last twelve years. We shall all long remember it as the home of a kind and hospitable people. The sun was shining in a bright blue cloudless sky as we left the station to set out to learn what we could of and from Regina. Here it was that we visited our first Canadian School. The morning spent in the school was fraught with interest for us, for it was our first experience of Canadian methods of education, and we much appreciated all we saw.

After luncheon, Dr Stevens gave an account of our impressions of Canada, and in the afternoon we motored right out again to the prairie. Our way lay along a monotonous, lumpy, dusty, winding trail for miles and miles, with no shelter at any moment from the blazing sun. This was regarded as typical prairie country, where wildness and desolation reign, and there is comparatively little sign of life. Again the grip of the prairie was on us. We had seen its beauty of colouring under the evening sun, and we had felt its exhilaration, but what now struck us most forcibly was its intense and utter loneliness. A spirit of unfriendliness brooded over its desolate grandeur, and we were not unwilling to leave it behind us, and make our way back to the city of warmth and hospitality.

On returning to Regina we inspected the Parliament Buildings, including the Prime Minister's suite of rooms, and we climbed some hundreds of spiral steps to the dome, from which we had a most extensive view of the unending plains of Saskatchewan Province. The country for fifty

miles in every direction stretched beneath our eyes.

High tea was served after our descent, and then we listened spellbound to a speech by Mr Sam Latta, the Provincial Minister of Education, one of the best and cheeriest friends, and as typical a son of his country as the party ever met in Canada. Later we visited the gardens near the tree-fringed lake. The flowers, blending in profusion, gave a richness and iridescence of colour like rubies, amethysts and turquoises all massed together. It was a delicious summer evening, the air was balmy and warm, and the tranquil lake lay like a sheet of silver. From the picturesque boat-house we took boats and glided over the still waters, watching long tracks of light, and disturbing the sharply drawn reflections as we passed. From the marsh beyond the croaking of many frogs came to us, and at intervals the movements of approaching night. All nature was still and peaceful. The spirit of enchantment seemed to hang over the water and cast a dreamy glamour upon it while the shadows and reflections deepened into unfathomable blackness.

But the day did not end for us with the falling darkness. Soon lights blazed out in the Boat House, the lilt of music was heard, and to the sound of merry laughter and the trip of tireless feet, the hours wore away. When at last we said good-bye to our new-found friends, and went back to the train that was to carry us onwards, we took with us happy memories of Regina that nothing can efface.

OKANAGAN VALLEY

BY MARGARET NEILL

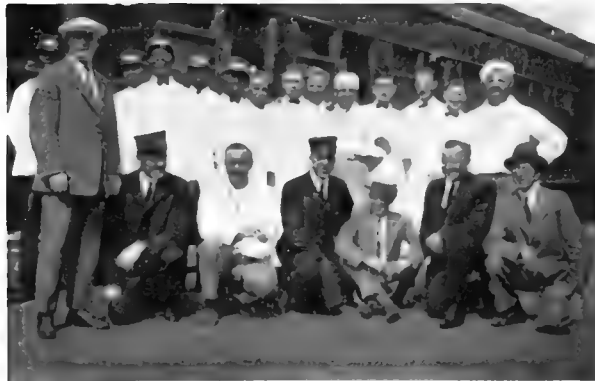
OF all the happy hours we spent on Canadian soil there were none happier than those spent in the fruit-farming districts of the Okanagan Valley. There we seemed to feel in fullest measure that spirit of freedom and friendliness of Canada. Friendliness and co-operation would appear to be the keynote of life in these parts.

Even in the few hours we spent in Vernon we had glimpses of a community bound together by intimate ties, and ever ready to unite in strenuous effort for the good of their city. Like all their countrymen the people of Vernon combine with their larger patriotism a real desire to serve their own immediate neighbourhood.

It is a wonderful thing, this love of the Canadians for these new-born cities. Their civic pride has a different foundation from ours. We in the Old Country inherit the glories of the past and rejoice in the beauties of old churches and cathedrals, bequeathed to us by our ancestors. Alas, we also inherit our slums, and the hand of the past lies heavy upon us, deadening our sense of responsibility. But the Canadians are making their own history. They are building their own towns. Can we



How Young Canada goes to the Prairie Schools.



Our C.P.R. Travelling Crew—and a Good Crew too!

wonder that, as they look round on the results of their own labours, they should be filled with a deep sense of possession and achievement ?

Nowhere is this more true than in Vernon, where the prosperity of the city depends so conspicuously on the work of men's hands. There is something very inspiring, even to the casual visitor, in the triumphs wrought by irrigation both in the neighbourhood of Vernon and elsewhere in the Okanagan Valley. If we should commend the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, what are we to say of those sturdy Okanagan fruit farmers, whose glorious orchards stand in all their autumn beauty where formerly stretched coarse grass and the grey prairie sage ? Near Vernon lies the famous Coldstream Ranch, where over 12,000 acres of fruit are under irrigation. There are many other smaller ranches and also market gardens kept by Chinamen. The city itself is a centre for packing and distributing the fruit. Very interesting are the methods of grading and packing. We saw something of these later at Penticton at the southern end of the Okanagan Valley.

But though Vernon owes its very being to fruit, and delicious fruit it is, as we all can testify, the energies of its townsfolk are not entirely absorbed by the handling of the fruit harvest.

If the citizens work hard they also play hard, and games like football, hockey, base-ball and lacrosse are very popular. Many of the citizens have little summer cabins by the shore of one of their beautiful lakes. There the children swim and dive to their hearts' content in the glorious summer weather.

The city also takes a great pride in its schools and in its public park. The latter contains a fine bandstand ; for Vernon loves music, and rejoices in the possession of a very good town band. We were delighted with the concert which they gave us, to which we listened in great comfort, seated in our hosts' motors "parked" round the bandstand. I don't think, however, that we shall feel inclined to introduce into British musical circles the use of motor-horns as instruments of applause !

VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA

BY E. J. BOLUS

IN Canada, inevitably, one city looks very like another, for variety is the child of time. But Vancouver is not merely Canadian, or even merely Imperial. She has the air of a world-centre. Her streets resound with echoes of the cosmic drum. On Vancouver three continents, nay four, have set their mark. It is a true travellers' city, a place where everyone seems either coming or going. Distance dwindles, and the casual visitor is tempted to undertake stupendous, unexpected journeys. Most folk arriving at Vancouver from Europe must have felt the summons of the Pacific. How obvious and easy it were to pack one's kit, cross the gangway, and glide off to Japan or Australia, or to the little sunlit isles in which existence passes as a waking dream, and one may dwell secure as the men of Sidon, careless of event as the fabled lotus-eaters.

The harbour of Vancouver is one of those land-locked expanses which Nature had provided here and there in the world, notably at Sydney and Bombay. Yet not much more than a century has elapsed since George Vancouver sailed up this tortuous coast, and charted an unknown country. The sea, indeed, haunts us here with an almost

Venetian persistence. The authorities have wisely constructed a marine drive, where the salt breezes may be invoked to clear the brain of urban worries. Happily, too, they have preserved the vast Stanley Park in its primeval grandeur, without modern trappings. The superfluous seat, the glad-eyed nursemaid, the litter of the picnic, the stern Cerberus and menacing notices—all these are delightfully absent. The Park is not of the Hyde or Regent's type. It rather suggests Savernake or Sherwood.

The totems, those strange, coloured monuments, pointing to a superstitious past, stand like enigmas, baffling the guesses of the sage. Perhaps they portray the guardian demons of the trees, monsters prowling by night, visible only to belated Indians, who, being dealers in the occult, see exactly what they expect. Mingled sentiments of adoration and fear lie stamped upon these relics.

Logic is rapidly dispelling any such crudities of creed. Witness the University of British Columbia. On a lofty Campus, or Muse's plateau, clad hitherto by nothing more illuminating than fir-trees, arise blocks of brick and stone, elegantly solid specimens of that severe architectural manner which is so thoroughly Canada's own. And in this enterprise lurks an allegory. Cannot we discern here a symbol, hinting at the clearance of the mind's rank undergrowth of prejudice, to enable the master-builder to erect a bright fabric of knowledge on the empty site?

Still, the most inspiring thing at Vancouver was none of these. A sunset observed from the roof of

the hotel surpassed them all. The belt of soft, scarlet light, sliding sheer from the mountain, speeding over the smooth, receptive waters towards the city, while the flaming sphere sank, half-unwilling it seemed, behind the crag; the far seas beyond, radiant under a yellow haze; eastward, the gaunt lions of stone in couchant poise, gazing blandly down on the scene—it was a pageant superb and unforgettable. We lingered until the curtain of night fell upon the drama. Certainly, if Vancouver can boast many such sunsets, she needs no picture-gallery.

Across the straits the vessel bore us, through a cluster of winsome islands, to Victoria. Now the people of Vancouver account Victoria dull. But the average Englishman, who cannot quite go the Canadian pace, will be inclined to disagree. The cosy harbour, and the landing-stage with its printed assurance of welcome, prepare the new-comer for the attractions awaiting him. The artistic Parliament House soon tells him that Victoria, whatever her proud neighbour may allege, remains the provincial capital, none the worse for being a trifle insular and remote. The delicate work of legislation demands a peaceful atmosphere.

To many the humbler domain of Victoria's domestic economy will make a stronger appeal. Fringed with grassy side-walks, encompassed by brilliant gardens, the super-bungalows appear singularly alluring. In these havens the retired rich spend the evening of their years. A solitary Chinese factotum manages the house and the cooking with silent efficiency. Best of all, he requires only the

cellar for his dormitory. Victoria loves large cellars. One which I had the privilege of exploring was immense. It may have been early Victorian.

The residents are wont to convey their guests through miles of smiling suburb to a certain famous mansion, where every stranger is received like a long-lost friend. Thence, past lawns and orchards, a steep path descends to what was once a quarry, but to-day, as the result of thought and labour, a charming pleasance. It is as though man, in the midst of despoiling Nature, had been stricken by remorse, and tried to make amends.

Equally blissful are the surroundings of Brentwood College, which has a tiny inlet of the sea to itself, a fine setting for the instruction of youth. Brentwood represents the spirit of discipline, that prime necessity of a new country. "Monastic" I heard somebody murmur. But the young monks may be trusted to succeed. Such, at least, was my thought, as we drove furiously along the starlit highway to Victoria.

There, at the very verge and limit of our wanderings, we had felt most at home. The scenery and the citizens had conspired in the promotion of our pleasure. Travel, indeed, throws into relief the native conservatism of the Briton. When he fares abroad, nothing pleases him better than to stumble on the familiar. In this national trait, perchance, resides Victoria's secret. She does not reveal; she reminds.

BUNGALOW CAMPS

BY R. F. STAINER

DURING our tour we visited several of the Bungalow Camps founded by the Canadian Pacific Railway. They included those at French River, Storm Mountain, Windermere, and Kenora. The general plan of each camp is the same, but the situations are very dissimilar. There is a central building where all the sojourners at the camp meet for meals and indulge in indoor games of an evening, or when the weather is unfavourable for outdoor pursuits. Scattered at intervals around this central building are small bungalows in which the visitors sleep. The sites of these camps have been carefully chosen, and each has many attractions for holiday makers.

At French River, for instance, the camp is situated on a hill within a stone's-throw of the railway station, and overlooking a beautiful stretch of the river. The river provides splendid boating and fishing and bathing. There are a number of rowing-boats and motor-boats available. Then within easy reach from the camp all sorts of shooting can be obtained. Not far away on the river are rapids on which the more daring spirits can indulge in a most exhilarating sport.

Windermere Camp has other attractions, for it is

situated on a fairly wide stretch of open ground on the bank of Lake Windermere. Simply to sit near the Club House and feast one's eyes on the glorious views is a holiday in itself. On one side of the lake there are the Rockies and on the other the Selkirks. The play of light and shade on their majestic peaks is a never-to-be-forgotten sight, and the lake is a constantly changing thing of beauty. A tennis court, golf links, motor-trips, bathing, boating, fishing add to the natural attractions of the place. All the camps we visited had comfortable club-rooms, and the great fireplaces with glowing log-fires for use when the weather was cold were most pleasing to the eye.

The camp at Kenora is gloriously situated on the banks of the beautiful Lake of the Woods. I think it might be improved by a rigorous thinning out of the trees which surround it, for there are far too many of them, and in a sense they obscure the views. That, of course, is only a small personal criticism, and it is a minor matter contrasted with the charm of a time spent in such pleasant surroundings. To be able to go to a camp without any worry about equipment ; to know that your meals will be served to time with no trouble on your part ; in a word, to be assured of all the freedom that camping life implies, and at the same time to know that you are relieved of all the petty worries and annoyances which, in my own experiences, have been inseparable from this form of holiday—these are the advantages which make a stay at one of these Canadian Pacific Railway Company's camps an ideal form of a holiday.

THE PRINCE'S RANCH

BY (MRS) J. K. HUDSON

"TO-DAY is Tuesday, to-day is Tuesday," as we sang so often on our Great Adventure. One Tuesday about 6 a.m. we felt the sadness of farewell brooding over our spirits, for we were leaving the glorious Rockies and descending to the plains, symbolic of the monotony which too often dogs the footsteps of middle age.

The joy of the Canadian tour had been the recapture of youth, with its quick adaptation, its thrills, its new outlook and experiences, and, most precious gift of all, the sympathetic clash with minds which, irrespective of years, dream dreams and see visions. "How beautiful upon the mountains" our hearts sang, as our eyes watched the Rockies fading farther and farther away. Then came a brain-wave. We, too, would steal a march on time, and on reaching Calgary, would turn our faces westwards again. For was not the E.P. Ranch a goal which would gratify so many desires?

It was a glorious ride of about seventy miles in brilliant sunshine, with the great canopy of blue sky flecked with fleecy clouds driven by the breeze. It was a feast of colour with the waving corn varying from pale to deep old gold, and the Rockies, like a

gigantic wall with peaks, some snow-capped, stretching in front of us from north to south, as far as the eye could see. We began to picture the scenes in the old days. Then great herds of buffalo wandered over these regions, followed by the Plains Indians—the Blackfoot, the Blood and the Stonies—who used the buffalo for meat, clothing and shelter. The frescoes we had seen in the C.P.R. hotel in Winnipeg had given us glimpses of their life—the horse-transportation with great poles, their encampments, their buffalo hunting, and their dances.

Bump, bump, bump, we came back to the present, as our car got into difficulties in the great ruts, and our heads came into contact with the top of the car. But as we climbed the foothill and turned near some trees the wooden bungalow of the E.P. Ranch came into view, with its creeper-covered verandah, its flower-bordered lawns, and its glorious view of the mighty Rockies about twenty or thirty miles away.

The house is small and simply furnished—a refuge “far from the madding crowd,” and near a happy hunting ground. A signed print of the Prince, in hunting garb and on a famous horse, hung on the wall, and also a signed photograph of the King. In front of the window there was a cabinet gramophone, but we saw no wireless set, though these are to be found, so we were told, even in the most distant outposts of the Hudson’s Bay Company.

Outside we inspected model barns the Prince has had built, with windows on both stories, eminently fitting for their purpose, unlike a millionaire’s in a

town farther east, who had his stable floors covered with Brussels carpet ! But that was some years ago. A prize bull, a present from the King and an emigrant from the Old Country, was led out for our admiration. It had won the first prize in every show in Canada, and was called "The King of the Fairies," a misnomer for Falstaff, methinks. We played the new rôle of stock-appreciating to the best of our ability, and took innumerable snapshots of the "Fairy" the Canadian prize-bull, the mare and her foal, and the Alsatian hound.

Sheep-rearing is not carried on extensively in that comparatively small ranch, for it is too near the haunts of wild beasts. Only on the previous week a coyote had killed one of the sheep. Nor is corn grown, for it is too cold, being about 4000 feet high, among the foothills. We had come through Bar U Ranch, the largest in Alberta, on our way out. There, the owner, like Abraham of old, could count his horses and cattle by thousands, and possessed also a vast acreage golden with corn.

THOUGHTS AFTER PARTING

BY HENRY BUTTON

It was with feelings of trepidation that I journeyed to the *Empress of Scotland*, just berthed at Quebec docks, on the morning of the 1st of August. What would they look like? (That's the first question that would have entered the minds of most of you, so why should I be ashamed to admit it!) Were they *very* stiff and formal? Would they appreciate my somewhat flippant temperament? Should I be an Englishman again, or—be natural? Would it be possible to make them laugh? Would they fall into our New World methods with reasonable readiness? Would there be any trouble about billeting on the wonderful C.P.R. special train, in the hotels, and on the steamships? Would they take me at my face (with due apologies for the use of such a word!) value until I had had a chance to prove worthy of their cordial co-operation? These and many other questions dashed through my mind (if any!) with amazing rapidity.

It was not until after that very informal first meeting in the ball-room on board the liner that I felt again that life was worth living. I was somewhat disappointed, because I was hoping to have a chance to distinguish myself (for once in my life) in over-

coming immediate problems. But there weren't any. Little things, such as allaying the fears of lady members after the first shock of coloured sleeping-car porters, were trifles !

Perhaps the best proof of the marvellous manner in which our party adapted themselves with such grace and facility to our New World methods is in the fact that their departure from each place was genuinely regretted by every one who had anything to do with them. Although Canadians are characteristically most generous and kind in such matters, they are not in the habit of making pretty speeches just to be polite. Therefore, the numberless and voluntary expressions of admiration about the visitors' charming manners, courtesy and adaptability are worth something. They demonstrated to us in Canada that they could be just as democratic, in the finest sense of the word, as any other race. It was refreshing to a degree to hear the cumulative expressions of interest in and enthusiasm for our country. These began in Quebec, and, fortunately for all of us, continued throughout the tour. Of course, these feelings were exhibited in different ways : poetry, romance and a little dash of drama.

If it is possible to gather together a more cultured and interesting party, then the Old Country must be vastly richer than we had any right to expect. The profession "at home" should be proud in the knowledge that their colleagues—"Our Party"—so completely won the hearts and admiration of our people with whom they came in contact. The amazingly high order of speeches during the tour

merely confirmed the fact that this was no ordinary party of English and Welsh secondary school teachers. I could mention names in particular, but I enjoy life too fully to so flirt with trouble. Furthermore, I want to retain the friendship of every one. Cowardly ? Carried !

I shall never see a steamship tender without recalling the fight that I waged with myself at Quebec on the night of the 9th of September. And to think that they gave up so much well-earned sleep to send us off with such enthusiasm ! How dull I am ! It has only just occurred to me that the "enthusiasm" might have been on account of the fact that, at last, they were freed of this tyranny, and from that time on the "family" could think and act for themselves.

If the Overseas Education League have served you to your satisfaction, your thanks are due first to Major Ney, honorary organiser of the Overseas Education League, through whose organising genius the venture was made possible ; our generous hosts throughout the Dominion ; and the wonderful co-operation of that matchless organisation, the Canadian Pacific Railway, Steamship, Rail and Hotel Departments. Surely there never has been, and, in my opinion, there never could be, a body of English and Welsh teachers who were more deserving of the time, effort and money that were lavished upon them than those entitled to membership in the phrase "Our Party" !

WHEN THE PIPER PIPED

BY A. GOWER JONES

OUTWARD Bound !

Solitary, I gazed around the crowded decks of the lovely *Empress*, musing over the personnel of my unknown colleagues. The delightful ocean week was almost sped when the problem solved itself. In response to a roll-call by genial Canon Cody, the abstract became concrete, and we, pedagogues, bowed ourselves into mutual acquaintanceship—English-like, with no undue familiarity.

In vain had I sought a type ; there was none. We were tall and stately, and we cultivated a detached air of mental and physical aloofness. We worked off surplus energy in sociable games of deck tennis, and we corrected a tendency to adipose amid rippling laughter on a rollicking horse in the gym. We basked in the sunshine of the smiles of young America returning laden with the spoils of Europe *via* Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix. We proclaimed our holiday zest by an imposing array of cameras, modest Brownies, casting timorous glances at the prodigy from Plymouth. We withdrew to secluded corners and, in Johnsonian style, we unravelled the tangle of an epoch-marking glossary.

We proudly displayed our prospectuses and we invited admiration of the architecture and the mossy lawns of our stately seminaries. We coquetted and we flirted—within the narrow limitations of four to one! We demanded privileges due to our status, and we discarded the memory of authority in the care-free joy of the moment. We had no desire to make the speeches we delivered and we yearned to give voice to the orations we perforce suppressed. We did full justice to the Imperial cuisine and we withdrew unobtrusively, if hurriedly, to our cabins. We asked incessant questions with eager, tiptilted faces and we paced the deck in icy silence. We bingled our flowing locks and unflinchingly we parted with two dollars fifty for a shave and a ray of purple hue.

Such was our party—a mosaic of different types, requiring tact to lead and patience to understand. Both were forthcoming—at Quebec—in the form of a merry smile and a twinkling eye. We were transformed. The piper piped, and tripping and skipping we ran merrily after. We danced our way with laughter and music across a continent, re-living our childhood, insatiate in our quest of bears and Indians and thrills, gurgling over the joys of Candy and Corn-cob and oh! the Canadian ice-cream!

Homeward Bound!

We have become a type; we have a common interest. To quote the “anthropological curiosity” of Vernon: “Canada, we stand on guard for thee.”



Black and White Study at Lake Windermere.

OUR SPECIAL TRAIN

BY ELEANOR C. LATHAM

WE first became acquainted with our train at Quebec late one Sunday night. Four sleeping-cars had been allotted to us—we were sixty-three in all—and this allowed of a lower berth for almost the whole party. In the lower berths the open window provided ample ventilation, and privacy was complete, a curtain entirely shutting off each berth from the rest of the car. Nothing could have been more comfortable. As for the staff of the train, a better one could not be found anywhere. Everything that could be done to make the journey comfortable was done by all concerned—chief steward, cooks, waiters, sleeping-car conductor, sleeping-car attendants—to mention only those immediately concerned with our material welfare.

After the first night we were completely at home on the train. Daylight revealed the other wonders in store for us—a splendidly equipped dining-car, where, unlike the usual practice on Canadian trains, on which meals are served *à la carte*, meals were ordered without any thought of cost. Nor were the meals limited to breakfast, lunch and dinner. The propensity of the inhabitants of the Homeland for afternoon tea was known, and, contrary to Canadian custom, this was provided.

Beyond the dining-car and kitchen was another wonder, the baggage car, in which the greater part of our luggage was stored. Here it was possible to hang up coats and frocks, the freshness of which it was necessary to preserve for the various functions which we attended in such number. When we remember that nothing was lost from the train throughout the journey, in spite of the two complete moves into hotels at Winnipeg and Vancouver, the only comment that can be made of the baggage master is that he was a marvel. At the other end of the train was the observation car, from which we saw the fine scenery of the western part of Canada, and in which so much enjoyment was obtained from community singing.

We were not continually on the train, but, when we returned, we soon began to feel as if we were returning to our home. Seven days we were separated from her—two nights at Winnipeg, three at Vancouver, and two when we were on the Great Lakes. There was a day when we were torn from her and transported on a steamer over Kootenay Lake, while the train was taken over on a ferry-boat. It is sad to narrate that on this occasion the train's liking for the water was so great that it was 9 p.m. before she reached Kootenay Landing, and 10 p.m. before we were able to go aboard and have a belated dinner.

And what benefit did the train once confer on those aboard her? Did she not enable the few who remained on her, when the majority had forsaken her, to drive over the wonderful Windermere-Banff road, to see a sight much desired by all—that

of real live bears ? Is it not rumoured that she came to a standstill for a better view to be obtained, and that one bear made a careful and minute observation of the train, while snaps were taken of him ? And what other advantages were attached to our train ? We never, as a party, missed her. She waited for us at Sudbury, when tea at the mining town could not be completed at the time arranged for the train to depart. She was not, however, equally kind to individuals, and once she set off and had to return to pick up one whose absence had been discovered.

Fortunately, we did not have to bid farewell to the whole train at once. At Fort William we regretfully saw the last of the dining-car and the staff attached to it, but the remainder of the train conveyed us on our last journey in Canada, from Toronto to Montreal. Then, unfortunately, we had to say good-bye to the many friends on the train staff whom we had made during our tour.

We owe to the Canadian Pacific Railway nothing but thanks for the excellent arrangements which were made and for the delightful time we had.

DIARIES AND THEIR WRITERS

BY E. M. DAVIS

MOST of us kept diaries. Ostentatiously or otherwise, we kept them ! Yet they differed as much in appearance as they did in entries and in the handwriting of their respective owners. Some were little memo-books with suède covers measuring a few inches ; others were note-books with a businesslike appearance. A writing-tablet served the purpose for some of the party, while magnificent tomes were the choice of a chosen few.

But, in spite of outward appearances, they ranged themselves into distinct classes. There were those of the nature-lovers who described the beauty of the landscape, the little gems unseen by the ordinary eye, and those of the materialists, who jotted down hard facts and statistics for reference at a future date.

Then, again, there were the photographic diaries. One knew them by their green covers and their appearance before and after a photograph was taken. I am neither mathematical nor scientific, but I believe that a trigonometrical problem had to be worked out in connection with every exposure, and an entry made after these mental gymnastics and suitably inscribed. Judging from the results,



C.P.R. Observation Car



This picture shows how an entire coach was a travelling saloon in the daytime and became transformed into a comfortable sleeper at night.

they were worth the trouble, but, unable to grasp the intricate formulæ, I must rest content with a "Brownie."

As diverse as the books themselves were the methods of procedure. A few believed in hieroglyphics. They jotted down one word for use as a key, but often forgot where, when, and why they wrote it, or else lost the list. "Plumber," "Goat," and "Semi-ready," may be useful tags, but they are rather bewildering when the number of the tags is legion.

Next came the diaries always in arrears which rejoiced the hearts of their owners. How they loved to announce "I have just reached Quebec!" or "I am just wondering what I did at Vernon," when the entry was already a back number, and the event a thing of the past!

But the greatest marvel to me were those produced on the co-operative system. In outline, I suppose we all did the same, but how different the details! When fifteen men took us by various routes round Regina and some of us were lost, how could we all say the same in our diaries? No, co-operation in "diarying" is not good—it lacks the individuality which is the essence of its production.

And now for my own. I kept it neatly and religiously during the trip, a model diary and a treat to behold. But, alas! Inertia seized me on the *Melita* and I could not complete my task. Another offered to do it, and I was charmed with the idea. The pencil flew, the pages filled—was there so much to write? Ah, me! I learned when it was too late that co-operation can mar the best of books, for

150 DIARIES AND THEIR WRITERS

there were all my sins and shortcomings recorded for all to read :

“ Got up late.”

“ Spent the morning worrying sundry persons.”

“ Walked twenty-nine times round the deck ! ”

OVERSEAS CHORAL SOCIETY

BY A. BEATRICE PARADISE

“ Music is the art which by means of musical sounds can convey feelings, emotional states and sentiments.”

DURING our eastward journey through the Rockies we caught a glimpse of the freedom of the Canadian who can work hard and play hard. It was at the Penticton corn-roast that we saw something of the social life of rural Canada. The feasting was followed by a community sing-song, made all the more enjoyable by the mystery of the surroundings. We reached Skaha Lake at dusk and could only picture the weirdness of the towering hills surrounding the lake, illuminated by the glow of two blazing bonfires. The community songs included, “ In the old Okanagan,” “ Annie Laurie,” and “ Massa’s in the cold, cold ground.” The singing was led by the Penticton Choral Society.

The charm of this lakeside entertainment created in us the desire to form an Overseas Choral Society with Mr Button as conductor. Conditions of outdoor camp-life denied us, we assembled in the Music Room, the observation car at the end of our train, and without a musical instrument of even the crudest kind, we found delight in singing with all the power that was ours at such high altitudes.

Each arm-chair seated three songsters at least, while the floor was found quite comfy. All but the few who preferred to slumber early gathered in the observation car after "second sitting." Freedom of speech and song was the order. Our conductor found it difficult to know our wishes, but on no occasion did we sing more than one song at a time, though we frequently sang in "canon." The Society was at its best in "O Canada," which it had learned in true Canadian fashion at many civic functions. "Sweet and Low," sung in *many* parts, was our favourite when in tranquil mood.

It was in songs of rather a different type that we put most heart and soul. "To-day is Monday" called forth a volume of sound in its refrain—

"Everybody happy!
Well! I should say!"

The pathetic cry of a hungry crowd on s.s. *Kuskanook* on Kootenay Lake when passing the train ferry carrying our dining-car at 8.30 p.m. was recalled in

"To-day is Wednesday,
Wednesday sooo-up."

In cheerful mood "John Brown's Baby has a cold upon his chest" was called. Great progress was made when we had learned—

"Under a spreading chestnut-tree,
She was sitting on my knee,
We were happy as could be
Under the spreading chestnut-tree."

This was accompanied by rhythmic gestures. Arm movements were hampered by lack of space,

and it was evident that co-ordinated movements needed training. Nevertheless, this was our "show-piece" at a supper party at Port Credit.

"Let everybody feel at home and join in the singing. If you can't sing make a cheerful noise," was our point of view at community sing-songs as our train rattled at 60 m.p.h. over those iron threads which span the Continent. The children of the Red Men are being taught the joy of making a cheerful noise in their school at Edmonton. The singing of "It's a long, long way to Tipperary" and "Sowing in the morning" touched the sympathies of those who heard them.

The programme of community singing at Hart House at a dinner given by the Federal Teachers' Council included well-known strains accompanied by new words. "Jingle Bells" was the melody for

"Welcome folks, welcome folks,
Welcome to our city."

The refrain of "Hail, hail the gang's all here," became

"Meat! Meat! we want our meat!
Fresh and juicy cow-meat!
Ham and pickled pigs' feet!
Lamb chops and pork chops too!
Any kind of meat will do!"

Then, again, "Alouette, gentle Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai" at the same dinner recalled the delightful rendering of Old French songs by the quartette party in peasant costume at the Château Frontenac shortly after our arrival in Canada.

PRAIRIE LIFE TO-DAY

BY CYRIL F. J. JENNINGS

I HAVE been invited to contribute some observations about our tour across Canada, and I do so with pleasure, because the journey has been of the greatest interest to me and has removed some mistaken ideas about the Dominion. I thought that a visit to the Rockies was such a formidable undertaking that I was never likely to manage it, although a description of the Canadian Pacific Railway and what had been accomplished by its builders had fired my imagination into a great longing to see its marvels. Now I know, and I would like to impress on young men in England, and their fathers and mothers, that the journey to and fro is actually easier than the journey to and from Switzerland. The arrangements for the trans-continental journey leave nothing to be desired. This is important, because the paramount need of Canada is more population, and particularly more population of British nationality. People who spend a good deal of time on the Continent would do well to turn their attention to Canada, and learn there more of our Empire, and parents will have less hesitation in encouraging their sons to go to this country of promise if they have some personal

knowledge of it, and have experienced the ease with which it is possible to go there and back.

One of the greatest attractions of Canada is that it is able to supply such a large proportion of its own needs. It is almost independent, and one sees everywhere evidence of the confidence of its people in their future wealth and greatness. Only about one-fifth of the good farm land of Canada is under cultivation, so that farmers are the persons most needed, though let it never be thought that that means that it is a lot of rough, semi-educated people the country desires. There is a tendency at home to look on farming as a somewhat inferior occupation. Surely that is a great mistake! What better life can there be than an outdoor life which involves steady work and perseverance, the study of soils, trees and plants, seeds, management of animals and innumerable other things, and which has for recreation hunting, shooting and fishing? The better the education a young man has had, the sooner he may hope to get to the top. In Canada all have equal opportunities, and the value set on education by Canadians is seen by their many well-built and well-planned schools and colleges, including experimental farms and agricultural colleges. At the latter, courses are so arranged that men may work their farms while the weather permits, and then during the winter go through courses of scientific training which eventually lead to University degrees.

Sometimes I believe we think too much of trying to get rid of all that is hard and unpleasant in life. The discipline of hardship and self-sacrifice generally produces the best men, and it was by the enterprise

of our ancestors, who underwent the greatest of hardships in their pioneering work, that England attained her greatness. A healthy young man willing to work, and not to mind *hard* work for some years, can rely on making a living, and securing independence in a comparatively short time by the system of purchasing a farm by instalments spread over anything up to forty years, and by perseverance he can improve his homestead until he may have as comfortable a place as the best gentleman-farmer's place in the Old Country. He will have the telephone, and a wireless installation if he likes, and although he will not have the theatre and picture-palace at his door, they will generally be within reach by rail or motor for occasional visits. Outdoor sports and recreation will always be available, and educated men can provide many intellectual interests among themselves.

Canada is a vast country with vast opportunities and overflowing with loyalty to the old Home. She is the nearest of our great Dominions, so let us do all we can to help her to that great position at which she aims, and to which she will attain when the necessary increase in population is secured. In doing this we shall find outlet for those many young men in England who would prefer an open-air life to being cooped up in offices day after day.



C.P.R. Liner "Melita." Inset : the late Captain Clews.

A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE

BY AN EYE-WITNESS

SATURDAY evening on board the Lake Superior steamer was devoted to the examination of a matter of grave interest to the whole of the party. By the kindness of the captain, we had the unrestricted use of the dining saloon, and here a famous *cause célèbre* was tried amidst all the law's righteous pomp and majesty. Behind the barred and bolted doors, and aloof from the curious ears and prying eyes of the other passengers, the party heard the unhappy details of a certain intimately domestic episode. For the reason of this mock trial it is necessary to retrace a few steps in our journey. Early in the same week we had been at Edmonton, and when we assembled at the station late in the evening, not a shadow marred the memories of an enjoyable day. Scarcely, however, had our train drawn out the length of the platform than those who were sitting in the observation car saw a young man racing pell-mell along the permanent way, catching up with the train, and perilously throwing two legs and a guilty face over the railings. In the distance there were heard, or so more or less credulous witnesses reported, the agonising shrieks of a lady.

Suspecting the worst, and unable to disentangle

the rambling exclamations of the intruder, the officials had the train hastily stopped. In acting with this promptitude they may have averted a romantic tragedy. The train was backed, the lady was rescued, scores of sympathetic handkerchiefs were handed to her, and the journey was resumed amidst an orgy of excited inquiry. The man, as is usual with this sort of frustrated felon, just stood and looked uncommonly sheepish. Everything pointed, indeed, to the theory that the callous wretch had attempted to abandon the beautiful maid, and if the observation car had been empty, it is more than likely that he would have accomplished his evil design.

In any case it was felt that, for the honour of the party, the mystery had to be probed. Judge and counsel were accordingly chosen, and at the time selected for the trial, they marched into the court with an awesome solemnity. They carried briefs that were a maze of fiction and fact, and they wore robes, hardly authentic in cut, and cotton-wool wigs. Some of the brightest lights in the party were summoned to act as the jury, and then the prisoner, described as "the notorious cat burglar," was hustled unceremoniously into the dock by the Usher. And this was the indictment—with the names still charitably veiled from the vulgar—to which he was called upon to plead:—

Prisoner at the Bar. The charge against you is:

That you, . . ., at present of no fixed abode and no visible means of subsistence, did, on the 26th of August 1925, in the city of Edmonton, in the Province of Alberta, in the Dominion of Canada, unlawfully and of malice aforethought break into and

board a special train owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, thereby causing serious disorganisation to the service and the gravest alarm to the passengers.

And you are further charged that you did break into and board the said train with a criminal and felonious purpose: to wit, that on the said date, in the said city, in the said province, in the said country, you did thereby attempt to abscond from and cruelly abandon your alleged affianced, . . ., a lady of tender years and unblemished reputation, thus condemning her to a life of unromantic solitude on the lonely prairie, and liable to become a charge on the public funds of His Majesty's Dominion of Canada.

Mr Bolus was the Judge, and about as good a Judge, and as sedate a Judge, as that one of Gilbert's who once practised in the "Ancient Bailey." Seated below him was Mr Godwin as the Clerk of the Court. Opposite each other, rather fearsome in their forensic disguise, were the rival counsel, both apparently feeling their position acutely. They were Mr Parker and Mr Jones. The proceedings, it must be confessed, were a little unconventional to the professional eye, and a little inclined to drift beyond the scope of the charge. The Bench and Bar had many highly colloquial exchanges. The Judge himself maintained the best traditions of judicial innocence. "What is the C.P.R.?" he once blandly asked, and he received a startling answer, though the reporter's pencil has declined to place it on record. The Crown counsel was ruthlessness, loquacity and irrelevance rolled into one, and the black picture of the prisoner that he painted was that of a monster of guile. Counsel for the defence, on the other hand, spoke with a tender throb in his throat, and once he was so

overcome by emotion that he dropped into the lip-twisting of his own vernacular tongue. That sort of stuff, the cunning fellow well knew, goes down with a susceptible jury.

Evidence was given by Mr Button, who spoke from his heart of what he knew of the runaway incident and from his ample imagination of what he didn't know; by Mr Essex, who declared that the delay of the train had upset the C.P.R. system from Quebec to Vancouver; and by the lachrymose Miss Fyson. A distressing exhibit was that of a bucketful of the abandoned maiden's tears—which the melodramatic barrister who produced them splashed all over his papers.

At this point the weight of testimony hung rather heavily on the callous reprobate. But when Miss Jones, dressed as a homely charlady, went into the witness-box for the defence, things began to assume a different complexion. The prisoner's counsel immediately pressed his advantage. In his speech he told a plausible story, in which it was made to appear that the couple had mistaken the time, that they were horrified to see the train steaming out, and that the young man risked his neck in boarding the train in motion and getting it stopped, "all for the sake of this sweet and charming lady." Surely, he told the impressionable jury, it was all in keeping with a romantic and beautiful idyll, and dare they let such an exquisite attachment be blighted? The Cymric Demosthenes thus tuned his lyre very deftly indeed.

The trial had a dramatic climax. The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." This the



Merry Dancers in Mid-Atlantic.

Judge, whose crude impartiality all through had been very indifferently masked, refused to accept. In defiance of the twelve good and true, he sentenced the prisoner to a diet of corn-on-the-cob for the rest of his days, and seemed to think it quite a capital joke. But before judgment was formally entered, the Clerk of the Court sprang up, stated that he had been looking through the other indictments, and that there he had found a charge against no less a person than Judge Bolus himself! In vain the Judge tried to drown the avenging voice of the Clerk and the recital of the details whereby he, the same John Bolus, was alleged to have deserted his wife and the rest of the party without authority, and had been seen in a shop secretly consuming endless ice-creams, also in Edmonton and on that same August evening! In the circumstances how could the sentence of such an upstart, his own hands dripping with misdemeanour, possibly stand? "Out with him!" shouted all in court in one indignant, unanimous cry. And Nemesis, in the form of Mr Stainer, the model of Ushers, laid a firm hand on the pretentious dispenser of justice, toppled off his full-bottomed wig, and hustled him out of court amidst derision and jeers.

FLOWERS OF CANADA

BY D. HELEN EDDON

LEST this title should be misleading it must be explained that the flowers in this article are, for the most part, only some of those actually seen during our tour, and in most cases in the neighbourhood of towns, and some, indeed, for a moment only from the moving train.

Canada is a veritable paradise for botanists. Those fortunate enough to reside in a country district when the winter's snow is at last gone cannot fail to marvel at the wonderful pageant of the spring. During our visit the country-side was wearing its full summer apparel, and although in the course of our crowded six weeks, opportunities for studying the flora were of necessity few, the botanists of the party made the most of those which occurred.

In Queen Victoria Park at Niagara, and in similar parks in other towns, we saw decorative and quite un-English garden beds, filled with exotic yucca lilies and the showy canna. Strictly speaking, these cultivated flowers should not be included, but the unique character of their appearance prevents their omission. Wild flowers were plentiful in the gorge near the water. Few people could fail to see and

admire the showy blossoms and handsome fruit of the purple flowering raspberry. Another very charming flower grew in profusion along the grass-grown track of the street car—the yellow wood-sorrel or lady's sorrel, a plant quite wrongly named, because it is not a woodland plant at all, its golden yellow petals opening only in the sunshine, and the dainty trifoliate leaves are so sensitive that they close when handled or shaded.

French River offered many botanical prizes. Jewel-weed, found in the more shaded moist places, has a profusion of soft, semi-translucent, green leaves, and many jewel-like flowers, orange yellow in colour and spotted with reddish-brown. It is said that this plant has already begun to appear along the rivers of England. In the marshy ground beside the little bathing beach grew beautiful specimens of the broad-leaved arrow-head. Among Canadian water-flowers none is more delicately lovely. The upper conspicuous flowers with snowy petals successfully hide the more useful green flowers beneath.

On the way to Chippawa Park, Fort William, we passed through a field gay with Black Eyed Susans. This yellow daisy with the tawny centre is most attractive. It is a typical mid-summer bloom, seeming to revel in the long days of blazing sunlight—a veritable salamander among flowers. These laughing maids also brighten the journey for the traveller throughout the prairies. Also, carpeting the pine woods, was dwarf cornel at its fruiting stage, floridly justifying its country name, "Bunchberry."

The rich prairie land produced a variety of showy blooms of the sun-flower type. These must be related to the stock from which have been derived the numerous similar composites commonly cultivated in England.

Towards the Rockies the vegetation changed considerably, so that the flora west of these mountains may be considered quite separately from that of the east. The Banff district abounded in wild flowers, and one of our party indeed obtained in a very short time twenty-seven different species. Most noticeable among them was the Indian Paint Brush. This plant has the tips of the calyx and of the more terminal leaves tinted a brilliant scarlet, giving it the conspicuousness not attained by the small, pale yellow flowers. In this district also were found two orchids, Green-wood orchis and Ladies' Tresses.

The wild flowers of the Victoria district proved disappointing. During our visit the country-side was so burnt up that very few had survived the rainless season. There were, however, the Californian poppy (which might have been a garden escape), the scarlet flaming poppy, the gum plant (a most objectionable composite of the sun-daisy type, sticky all over and possessing an unpleasant odour) and the evening primrose, a handsome plant more or less ubiquitous in the whole of Canada.

Penticton, hot, dry, almost arid, provided us with some splendid examples of desert flora—desert page-brush, rabbit brush, white sage, turpentine weed and small prickly pear cactus. Here also, on moister ground, were found flowering and fruiting

specimens of the Poke milk-weed. Each butterfly-like flower of this plant is most complicated in structure and produces a large pod filled with flattened seeds tightly packed between layers of shining silk. In this district the wire fences often have crowded beside them the dried-up plants of the pepper-grass. These, after fruiting, dry up, assume a globular form, break off just above the ground, and are carried by the wind a considerable distance, scattering their seeds as they go.

At Windermere most people made the acquaintance of the desert forget-me-not, a pretty little blue flower-spike, but with fruits having a regrettable habit of attaching themselves to every part of one's clothing.

The moist, shady shores of Lake of the Woods were clothed with a most luxuriant growth of wild flowers, characteristic of the more eastern flora—jewel-weed, the richly-coloured New England aster (as handsome as any of the varieties of aster cultivated in England under the name of Michaelmas Daisy), wild verbena and the dainty fringed gentian. These last two are of a wonderfully clear azure blue.

Besides these, other flowers there were growing near to and visible from the railway. So, travelling west through the musky country of Northern Ontario, the observer sees pearly everlasting, Joe Pye weed, thoroughwort and fireweed in great profusion. Fireweed is supposed to flourish with especial abundance on land that has been newly burned over: Joe Pye weed is a tall and conspicuous plant, whose massed inflorescences tinge the wayside with "crushed raspberry." Joe Pye

is said to have been the name of an Indian who cured typhus fever in New England by means of this plant. Thoroughwort, also called boneset, is white sister to Joe Pye weed, and infusions of this plant were used by the Indians to cure cold or malaria and a disease peculiar to the South known as break-bone fever—hence the name boneset. The great mullein, so plentiful in the half-cleared fields of Ontario and Quebec, was probably taken to Canada by early colonists. Now its tall spires are a familiar feature in the summer landscape.

DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

BY G. A. HOWELL

At Quebec we were met by members of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, who entertained us at the Golf Club House, and after a most delightful tea revealed to us the wonders of their purposes and aspirations. In 1900, at the close of the South African War, Canadian women banded themselves together in a spirit of true patriotism for the strengthening of ties between the Dominion and the Motherland, and for the promotion of higher ideals of citizenship. Membership of the I.O.D.E. is open to all patriotic women and children within the Empire, and any group of ten or more women may ask to be organised as a Chapter.

The Daughters of Empire may well be proud of their splendid record in social service work. During the war they equipped and furnished the Empire annexes to the King George and Queen Mary Maple Leaf Club in London, financed the I.O.D.E. Club for Canadian Nurses in London, and presented X-ray apparatus and operating theatre to the I.O.D.E. Hospital in London. The Order also raised upwards of one million pounds and contributed generously to every patriotic war fund.

In 1919 the Order as a whole undertook to raise one hundred thousand pounds for a War Memorial. The Fund provides for the : (a) Establishment of bursaries in Canadian Universities for children of fallen soldiers. (b) Annual post-graduate scholarships in British Universities. (c) Distribution of collections of historical pictures and of libraries to schools. *Echoes*, a quarterly magazine of national interest to women, is issued by the Order, and the members are further linked together by a special prayer, motto, and badge.

From Quebec to Vancouver and Victoria and back to Montreal the Daughters of the Empire met and cheered us on our way by the warmth of their welcome and their lavish hospitality. The welcome and the hospitality were an outward and visible sign of the true inwardness of the Canadian desire to make us feel that we were amongst our own. Everywhere the personal touches which mean so much were evident. They were keen to show us the sights, to entertain us right royally at their beautiful clubs, and to exchange views on the Old and New Country.

TO CANADA

O CANADA, in all thy glorious youth !
Stretch out thy hands for ever to the Truth.
Great are the gifts God has on thee bestowed,
Great is thy heritage of British blood :
Happy thy heart is, strong 'tis to endure,
Joy be thy portion, now and evermore !
Joy of the holy, rapture of the free,
Make richest harmony from sea to sea.

Boundless thy prairies, let thy love be so,
Bathed in the beauties of the heavenly glow.
Peace rules thy borders, dwells within thy soul,
Welding all nations to a mighty whole :
Clear are thy waters, be thy vision clear ;
Mighty thy torrents, be thy power as fair.

My heart is warm for thee, O Canada ;
Thou'rt sister unto me, O Canada,
My prayer is aye for thee—God bless thee,
Canada.

L. H.

PENTICTON

To the town of Pentictagon,
On the shores of Okanagan,
With its silvery rippling waters,
With its boats and bathers' quarters,
Came the British Teachers' party
With their appetites so hearty,
There to share the native feast,
Feast with townsfolk on the beach.

Roasted corn-cobs formed the menu,
Corn-cobs yellow, soft, and mellow,
Rolled in butter, salted right,
What a treat they were that night,
Sitting round the bonfire bright,
Bonfire shedding glorious light
On the lake that summer night.

After feasting came the singing,
Came the singing, sweet and ringing,
Then the strains of "Annie Laurie"
Sung by dear Miss Lilian Hovey
Floated on the evening air,
But alas ! too soon was ended,
And to cars their way they wended.

"CANADIAN"

THERE AND BACK AGAIN

SIXTY and three were the rulers of youth,
Who sailed from Southampton in quest of the truth.
They swarmed on the ship, they paraded the deck,
They stared at each other as far as Quebec,
Where, assembled in Frontenac's ample saloon,
They tasted of life and ice-cream with a spoon.
Thereafter the party pursued their researches,
Exploring haphazard the shops and the churches,
While the host and the hostess exclaimed : "Pleased
to meet you ;

Pray, come to our houses and feed, we entreat you."

Then in Maxwell and Ford, ever faster and faster,
Were driven the school ma'am and eke the school-
master,

Till arrived at the Club, where Olympians dwell,
They were treated to tea, and to speeches as well.
For in Canada (this you may surely conclude)
An oration is certain to follow the food.

On Ottawa next the gay bevy descended ;
There learning and pleasure delightfully blended.
We sat in the place where the statutes are made,
And up at the Farm had a scramble for shade.

Niagara coloured attracted a few ;
But so would a lily upholstered in blue.
God fashioned the Falls ; by a gaudy device
Man makes them a vast Neapolitan ice.

From water it is but a step unto milk,
As cotton doth vary but slightly from silk.
In Winnipeg (here you may picture them now)
The company heard of the champion cow ;
While a voice like a trumpet announced to the
teacher

The weight of the milk that came out of the
creature.

We lunched with their lordships of Hudson's Bay ;
They made history once, and sell collars to-day.
Regina presented a greeting official,
Then pointed with pride at her lake artificial.

The peaks around Banff lay enshrouded in haze,
And the fume of the forest defeated our gaze.
So the troop pedagogic discreetly preferred
To encounter in safety the buffalo herd.
We swam in the sulphur, we shocked the élite,
Ate a two-dollar dinner, and ended replete.
Right swiftly the cherrybang bore us again,
Down the trim little street, to the jolly old train.

But Louise in a drizzle her beauty had shed ;
So we sulked in the lounge, or played billiards instead.
Came Vernon ; obliged thro' those orchards to race,
Atalanta would ne'er have been backed for a place.
Then we stuck to the Fraser ; for such was our
notion,

The river must lead us at last to the ocean.

Vancouver exhibited totem and park,
With a 'Varsity planned on the lines of the Ark.
To Victoria thence in the sunshine we sped,
Tho' we oft were informed it lay dying or dead.
Here, tended by Chinamen, pensioners doze,
And the grocer retired studies how to talk prose.

In the quarry turned garden we wandered awhile,
 Or envied the mansion in Liberty style.
 We dined at the college commanding the creek ;
 Some sighed when the grace was not spoken in
 Greek.

But a newsboy's arrival, in bathing array,
 Caused a doubt if his prints were as dry as they say.

The Rockies recalled us ; forbidden to settle,
 We wistfully steamed thro' the valley of Kettle.
 On the beach of Penticton we squatted in rings,
 Nibbling corns on the cob, indigestible things.
 Yet we took our revenge, and a merciless choir
 Sang songs from the Celtic, with cornet for lyre.
 When weather at Nelson made many less merry,
 We packed up the train and the cook on the ferry.

The Windermere Camp ('tis in terror of arson)
 Reminds me of precipice, porcupine, parson,
 And dark cavaliers, who rode reckless and far,
 At the speed of the wind or the C.P.R.
 From Calgary ladies with dollars to spare
 Sought royalty's ranch, an expensive affair.
 A tram and a Stentor, artistic and witty,
 Displayed to the remnant the sights of the city.

We patronised Edmonton's Indian school ;
 In addressing the dons we were cultured and cool.
 An unseemly delay, due to Petrarch and Laura,
 Embarrassed the train, as we left for Kenora.
 How calm lay the isle that received us ! At least,
 It was tranquil enough till our evening feast,
 When a tempest uprising enwrapped us in gloom,
 And only the lightning illumined the room.

Fort Billy showed how to lift wheat by the ton ;
 Folk hardly inhabit Fort Billy for fun.

Afloat on the Lake, we enlivened the journey
By smiling at humours of judge and attorney.
At Soult the Rotarians urged us to church,
But the preacher remained pretty long on his perch.

We decamped to Toronto, the town which enjoys
So fine a repute for learning and poise.
A dainty pavilion the ladies enclosed ;
The men in a lowlier palace reposed.
Ah ! Then, as we flaunted around Academe,
We felt that in sooth we were cream of the cream.
And by the same token, a deep apple tart
Has a scholarly taste in the House of the Hart,
Where a large, educational man with a rod
Showed us how we should sing 'twixt the soup and
the cod.

The stadium, too, patriotic and thrilling,
Provided a battle without any killing.

To Toronto we whispered a furtive adieu ;
Aurora revealed Montreal to the view.
Lo ! Labour was holding a festival high ;
Sleek tradesmen on horses went haughtily by,
So Gallic and gorgeous and solemn of gait,
That somebody chuckled, I grieve to relate.
And flippant alike was the rude unbelief,
Assailing the trio that fished with the Chief.
On the morrow, more serious, humbly we strode
Thro' the door of McGill into Wisdom's abode ;
Down, down to the volumes asleep in dim lanes,
Upstairs to pathology's pickled remains.
Last minutes and money (as every one should)
We spent in the stores, doing Canada good.
Night veiled the retreat ; it provoked no remark ;
Only stars and the sailors observed us embark.

We soon dropped the guide, just a pocket edition ;
Uncommonly well he accomplished his mission.
Then with tennis and music and delicate dance,
And a something that rather resembled romance,
With a traffic tremendous in snaps of the trip,
Too quickly fled halcyon hours on the ship ;
Till, grazing the Needles, according to plan,
We closed our adventure where erst we began.
E. J. B.

*Extracts from a Sermon preached by Archbishop
Matheson to the visiting Teachers from England,
in St Luke's Church, Winnipeg, August 9th,
1925*

AFTER referring to the fact that the teachers were on a holiday excursion, and dwelling upon the object of a vacation, the Archbishop spoke as follows :—

“ I want to bring to you the idea of refreshment, and refreshment of the whole man, body, soul and spirit. I am an old school teacher myself. I taught hard for nearly thirty-five years, and if I had my wish I would be a school teacher still for I love the work. All the same, when the holidays came I was glad to avail myself of them, and you will know why. The grind of forty consecutive weeks of class-room work was exacting. There was both physical and mental exhaustion, and, above all, there was liable to be soul exhaustion. The nerve strain was apt to take the *soul* out of your work, remove from it, that is, its loftiest motives and highest ideals. When the holiday bell rang, therefore, I hailed it with delight, and I suppose that English teachers are like Canadian teachers in this respect.

“ But I have often wondered why a holiday is called a vacation. Vacation, from the Latin derivation ‘vacare’ means emptying. I presume that a holiday is called a vacation because it empties



Farewell to Canada !

us for a time of our regular duties, but surely a holiday must not be looked upon *merely* as an emptying thing; on the contrary it ought to be a *filling* time. All the rest of the year we teachers are drawing upon ourselves, shall I say, emptying ourselves, in order to fill our pupils out of the resources at our command. And during the vacation we ought to be replenishing ourselves so as to have treasures not only old, but treasures new to draw upon for our pupils. . . .

“And so, in welcoming you to this wide and spacious new land of ours, with its long distances—three thousand miles from sea to sea which you will cover in your journey, with its long stretches of smiling lakes and frowning rocks and fertile prairies and towering mountains—I want you to go back richer and fuller not only in your knowledge of geography, but in your experience of the vastness and variety of your heritage in the Great Imperial Commonwealth of Nations which is yours as well as ours as Britishers.

“True, there may not be as much to be gained by your visiting us as by our visiting you. For us who go over to the Motherland there is an affluence of historic interest and stirring memories which our new land has not to give, for yours is the stored and storied treasure of centuries of development and advance. I think it is Washington Irving who describes what he felt on the fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of ‘Land’ was given from the masthead of the ship on his first visit to Britain. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea, he said, of the delicious throng of sensations

which rushed into his bosom when he first cast eyes on England. There was a volume of associations in the very name. England was, to him, the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood had heard or on which his studious years had pondered. We have nothing like this to offer you, but in welcoming you to our new land we wish you to take something back with you that will make you richer in your acquired experience from which you can take back, as I have said, new treasures for your work."

Later on in the course of his sermon the Archbishop dwelt upon the importance of a wholesome personality in every teacher, and in reference to that he remarked, "Let any of us this morning try to think back and ask what it was that chiefly moulded us and made us what we really are. It was not something but somebody—a great teacher, a great parent, a great personality. It is not so much what he or she said but what each was. In the words of a great modern poet, 'Their lips were their lives,' it was their lives, it was what they *were* that spoke to us and ever lives with us still." The Archbishop closed with the following words in further reference to the power of personality: "Fellow teachers, my message to you this morning in this House of God is this: intellectual equipment is necessary and valuable, normal training is necessary and valuable, but heart and soul training is the most essential of all. We are foremen and forewomen in factories not merely for the finished production of *material* things which will perish in the using but for the production, development and training, and that in the most

plastic and impressionable period of their lives, of immortals endowed with a strange tripartite combination of body, soul and spirit. Who is sufficient for this ? Only those who seek to acquire God-given characters and are thus able not simply to teach to the head the doctrine and ethics of religion, but impart to the heart all this by their ' lives being their lips ' adorning in their own personality the doctrines of God their Saviour in all things. This is the beautiful thing that attracts and it does not come of ourselves. It is the beauty of the Lord our God upon us."

MEMBERS OF THE PARTY

- ALLEN, Miss E. M., Asst. Mistress, County High School for Girls, Chelmsford, Essex.
- AMES, Miss Florence, B.A., Headmistress, County School for Girls, Folkestone.
- BINNIE, Miss Ruth, Asst. Lecturer in Domestic Science, Battersea Polytechnic.
- BOLUS, Mr E. J., M.A., I.C.S., Asst. Master, Monkton Combe School.
- BOLUS, Mrs E. J., Monkton Combe School.
- BROWN, Mr J. Howard, B.Sc., Asst. Master, Lord William's School, Thame, Oxon.
- BROWN, Miss Frances, Social Welfare, London.
- BROWN, Miss, L.C.C. Secondary School, Putney, London.
- CHARLES, Mr Fred, B.A., Headmaster, City of London College.
- COLLINS, Miss E. M., Asst. Mistress, West Ham Municipal Central Secondary School.
- COXHEAD, Mr G. E. S., M.A., Headmaster, Hinckley Grammar School, Leicester.
- DAVIS, Miss E. M., M.A., Senior Mistress, St John's Royal Latin School, Buckingham.
- DUNKLEY, Miss D. A., Asst. Mistress, King Edward VI.'s Grammar School, Camp Hill, Birmingham.
- EDDON, Miss D. Helen, B.Sc., Asst. Mistress, Hunts County Secondary School, Peterborough.
- FROST, Miss Doris, Asst. Mistress, Municipal Secondary School for Girls, Newport, Mon.
- FYSON, Miss C. Irene, B.A., Senior Mistress, The King's School, Ottery St Mary, Devon.
- GODWIN, Mr A. H., *Daily Telegraph*, London.
- GREEN, Miss Gertrude, Domestic Science Mistress, Roundhay High School for Girls, Leeds.
- GWYNN, Miss Edith, B.A., Senior Mistress, Tasker's High School, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.
- HAYHURST, Miss D., Junior Preparatory School, Roundhay, Leeds.
- HOVEY, Miss Ethel M., Lady Matron, Penrhos College, Colwyn Bay, Wales; Governor, County School; Vice-Chairman, School Managers; Vice-Chairman, U.D.C.
- HOVEY, Miss Lilian, Lecturer in Elocution to the Sheffield Education Authority.
- HOVEY, Miss R., B.A., Principal, Penrhos College, Colwyn Bay, North Wales, and Governor, Bangor University and County School.
- HOWELL, Miss Grace A., M.A., Headmistress, Barr's Hill Secondary School, Coventry.

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- HOWELL, Miss Helena, B.A., Asst. Mistress, Municipal Secondary School, Canton, Cardiff.
- HOWELL, Miss Alice M., B.A., Municipal Secondary School, Howard Gardens, Cardiff.
- HUDSON, Mr J. K., M.A., Headmaster, Fowey Grammar School, Cornwall.
- HUDSON, Mrs J. K., B.A., Fowey Grammar School, Cornwall.
- HULME, Miss C. G., Headmistress, St John's Infants' School, Cleckheaton, Yorks.
- JENNINGS, Mr Cecil F. J., Member of Committee, City of London School; Chairman, City Freeman's Orphan School.
- JONES, Miss A. Gower, M.A., Headmistress, Grove Park School for Girls, Wrexham.
- JONES, Mr T. Jacob, B.A., Headmaster, Secondary School, Ogmore Vale, Glamorgan.
- KING-CHURCH, Miss D., Lady Principal, Amberley House, Girls' Collegiate School, Amberley, North Canterbury, New Zealand.
- LANCASHIRE, Miss M. E., Asst. Mistress, Southend High School for Girls, Southend.
- LATHAM, Miss Eleanor C., B.A., Asst. Mistress, County School for Girls, Sittingbourne, Kent; Governor of Borden Grammar School; Member of the Executive Committee of the A.A.M. and of the Four Secondary Associations.
- Low, Miss Florence B., Press Representative.
- LUCAS, Miss Sarah W., M.A., Asst. Mistress, Secondary School, Ashton-under-Lyne.
- McWHAN, Miss Ina, B.Com., Asst. Mistress, Northampton School for Girls.
- MORANT, Miss C. L., Headmistress, Kentish Town County Secondary School, Highgate, London.
- MORGAN, Miss Esther E., B.A., Headmistress, County School for Girls, Barry, Glamorgan.
- MORGAN, Miss Florence E. M., B.Sc., Asst. Mistress, Pontypridd Girls' Intermediate School, Pontypridd, Wales.
- MORRIS, Miss E. E., B.Sc., Headmistress, County High School for Girls, Ilford, Essex.
- NEILL, Miss Margaret M., B.A., Asst. Mistress, Sheffield High School, and Sub-Warden, Oakholme University Hall, Sheffield.
- NEWBY, Miss G. L., B.A., Asst. Mistress, County School for Girls, Folkestone.
- PARADISE, Miss A. B., L.L.A., Asst. Mistress, Secondary School, Devizes, Wilts.
- PARKER, Mr Chas. F., Lecturer in Arts, Technical School, Plymouth.
- SAUNDERS, Mr J., B.Sc., Asst. Master, County Intermediate School, Tredegar, Wales.
- SKYRM, Mr L., M.A., Headmaster, Grammar School, Beaminster, Dorset; Governor of University College, Exeter; Dorset County Education Committee.
- SMITH, Mr Frank W., Asst. Master, Central High School, Leeds.
- STAINER, Mr R., B.A., Formerly Headmaster, King Edward VII. School, Malay States.

MEMBERS OF THE PARTY

- STELL, Mr Herbert, Liverpool Institute, High School for Boys.
STEVENS, Dr E. H., Headmaster, Westminster City School, London ;
President, Headmasters' Association.
TETLEY, Mr E. W., Asst. Master, Trade and Grammar Secondary
School, Keighley, Yorks.
TOMS, Mr Robert, A.M.I.M.E., Principal, Junior Technical School,
Exeter.
TOWNLEY, Miss M. Aubrey, Kindergarten Mistress, Keswick
Secondary School, Cumberland.
TURNER, Miss E. M., M.Sc., Senior Mistress, Grammar School,
Malton, Yorks.
WALTON, Miss Ethel, B.Lit., Asst. Mistress, Henry Smith School,
Hartlepool.
WEST, Miss Fanny, Asst. Mistress, Barr's Hill Secondary School,
Coventry, Warwickshire.
WHARTON, Miss D., Asst. Mistress, Thoresby High School, Leeds.
WEIGHALL, Miss Gladys M., B.A., Asst. Mistress, City of Cardiff
High School for Girls.
WREN, Mrs, Matron, Palmer's School for Girls, Grays, Essex.
WREN, Miss E. M., B.A., Headmistress, Palmer's School for Girls,
Grays, Essex.
WRIGHT, Miss A. M., B.A., Headmistress, County Secondary
School for Girls, Winchester.
- Mr HENRY BUTTON, of Toronto, accompanied the party, in the
absence of Major Ney, as the representative of the Overseas
Education League, and was assisted by Mrs Button, Miss
Button, and Mr W. H. Thomas.
- Mr A. W. ESSEX, C.P.R. Passenger Department, Montreal, was in
charge of the special train.

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